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The Black Flamingo

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY

SAM JANNEY

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CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

Commencing Monday, March 21, 1927

The Department of Drama Presents

THE BLACK FLAMINGO

A Melodrama

By SAM JANNEY

CHARACTERS

FELIPE BODIER, *an Innkeeper* ..... *Frank Sullivan*
NICOLE, *his wife* ..... *Josephine Copas*
CLOTILDE, *a servant* ..... *Ruth Aston*
BOURIEN ..... *Neuton Cowan*
TRIGAUD ..... *Robert Allen Pike*
FRANCOIS DE LUSSAC ..... *Durbin Horner*
EUGENE DE LUSSAC....*Charles Frederick McClelland*
DIANA } *His Daughters* { *Marion Beeson*
CHARLOTTE } { *Mary Elizabeth McFadden*
A PRIEST ..... *F. Leon Ford*
POPO ..... *Thomas Lewis*
GAVROCHE ..... *Brutus Woods*
ROSSANGE .....

The three acts take place on the evening of July 15, 1789, in an old castle, now an inn, in the north of France.

Staged by Chester Wallace

Scenic Director, Frank Stout

"The Black Flamingo" has also been produced by:

Pasadena (Calif.) Community Playhouse.
Little Theatre of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Community Players, Youngstown, Ohio.
University of Nebraska.
Santa Barbara (Calif.) Community Players.
Beverley Hills (Calif.) High Schqol.

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DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

MADAME BODIER, *a hard-faced woman of forty.*

CLOTILDE, *the maid of all work, a buxom yokel, frowsy and pop-eyed, but pretty in an expansive, rustic way.*

BODIER *is a lean, evil-looking man, dressed like a none-too-prosperous inn-keeper.*

BOURIEN *is a big, powerful man, rather handsome, and with an arrogant swagger. He is well dressed and carries a sword. His boots are covered with mud and his cloak is dripping wet.*

TRIGAUD *is tall and leanly built. His face is swarthy, with piercing eyes and a full, sensitive mouth. He wears his hair quite long and has a sparse, silky beard. He is enveloped in a great black cloak, and seems to be carrying something under it.*

FRANCOIS DE LUSSAC *is a slender, handsome boy of nineteen with the bearing of a soldier. He looks tired and under a great nervous strain. He speaks quickly and excitedly.*

EUGENE, DUKE DE LUSSAC, *a tall, aristocratic gentleman of sixty-odd years, father of* FRANCOIS.

PRIEST *is revealed as a man of fifty, with a magnificent, leonine head, long, curly black hair and flashing, compelling black eyes which seem to pierce through whatever their gaze falls upon.*

POPO *is a young man of rather plump proportions, a round and foolish face, and an enormous mane of curly yellow hair. He is dressed in a weird mixture of garments, some of great richness and*

*obvious fashion and some the castoffs of a ragamuffin. Of the latter, the most important is a huge and ill-fitting greatcoat, in which the wearer is absurdly lost. In short, a fine flower of the foppish element of King Louis's court, hastening frantically to some less turbulent region. He is a scion of the lesser nobility, whom an irreverent courtier has nicknamel "*POPO."

DIANA *is a beautiful girl of twenty with great dignity and charm, and with an inexpressibly sad expression.*

CHARLOTTE, *daughter of* DE LUSSAC *and sister of* DIANA *and* FRANCOIS.

GAVROCHE *is tall, lean, cadaverous, with huge, bony hands and misshapen, cordlike muscles showing through the holes of his tattered clothing. In his eyes burns the red light of fanatical hatred, the vicious class hatred born of under nourishment and bitter cold nights.*

The Black Flamingo

ACT I

At the rise of curtain stage is empty. A terrific storm is in progress outside.

The faint light of a candle is seen in the gallery. It is carried by CLOTILDE, *the maid of all work, a buxom yokel, frowsy and pop-eyed, but pretty in an expansive, rustic way.*

She crosses from right to left, and disappears —comes through door left, lights lamp by doorway—crosses up left center, lights lamp—starts across stage.

There is a moment's lull in the storm, and suddenly from far up the chimney is heard the weird and ghostlike sound of a violin, playing a spectral and tuneless strain. CLOTILDE *utters a piercing scream and throws herself face downward on the floor.*

MADAME BODIER, *a hard-faced woman of forty, rushes in from the door up Right.*

MADAME BODIER. Ten million devils—what is it?

(The violin has ceased. CLOTILDE *rises, trembling violently from head to foot.)*

CLOTILDE. I heard it again!

MADAME BODIER. What?

CLOTILDE. There! *(Pointing at fireplace.)*

MADAME BODIER. Were you meddling with anything?

CLOTILDE. No—— I was lighting the candles, when—— *(The wailing of the violin suddenly commences again, louder than before.* CLOTILDE *gives a wimpering cry.)*

MADAME BODIER. Holy Mother of God! *(She crosses herself. The violin stops.)*

CLOTILDE. It stopped—when you crossed yourself!

MADAME BODIER. Yes, yes! Perhaps——

BODIER. *(Enters* L.U. *He is a lean, evil-looking man, dressed like a none-too-prosperous inn-keeper. He takes off his cloak, which is dripping wet)* Ho—that's what I call a storm! There'll be no travelers to see to tonight—— I doubt if old Ruffier's horses get to the big hill, much less climb it. Come—some supper!

MADAME BODIER. *(To* CLOTILDE*)* Here, get along to the kitchen—quick, now, no fussing about—Monsieur Bodier wants his supper! *(She hurries* CLOTILDE *out* R.U.*)*

BODIER. *(Throwing himself down in a chair)* Go fix it yourself—she's a rotten cook, and I'm hungry.

MADAME BODIER. In a minute. I want to speak to you.

BODIER. Well?

MADAME BODIER. *(Lowering her voice)* Clotilde heard it again.

BODIER. Oh——! *(Nods his head questioningly towards the chimney.)*

MADAME BODIER. Yes. Then I came in, and heard it too, but when I crossed myself it stopped, so it must be an evil spirit after all, and perhaps if we were to——

BODIER. *(Springing up angrily)* Don't be a fool! Didn't I steal a quart of holy water from the

chapel, and drench myself with it, and still the cursed thing wailed in my ears the minute I started to move the stones?

MADAME BODIER. Did you remember to cross yourself?

BODIER. Remember? I crossed myself fifty times, with both hands.

MADAME BODIER. Ah, then no wonder! Why, that's a trick of the foul fiend himself, making the cross with his left hand. Bodier, you're an imbecile.

BODIER. Bah! Old wives' rubbish! What does this squeaking fiend care for your crossings, and holy water, and pater nosters, and what not? I tell you, if you're dealing with a devil, you've got to beat him at his own game. Now, if I only knew a little sorcery—if I had a black cat, or a little owl, or maybe a snake or two—— *(A derisive screech from the violin in a descending scale, as though it were laughing mockingly.)*

MADAME BODIER. *(Contemptuously)* See—he's laughing at you! Ho—*you* a sorcerer! I suppose you'd be wanting me to go riding around the place on a broomstick.

BODIER. Well, you'd make a good witch—you're ugly enough.

MADAME BODIER. *(Furiously)* Ah—so Monsieur is Apollo, eh? Then I am Cleopatra!

BODIER. Ho—then what a fool Marc Antony was!

MADAME BODIER. Well, if I have lost my beauty —yes, *yes,* you dolt, I had some once, before I married you—then it's all your fault, with your dreams of wealth, and scheming for millions, and all the time me slaving in the kitchen, filling that bottomless pit you call your stomach.

BODIER. So—*you* eat like a humming bird, do you?

MADAME BODIER. At least I don't gobble like you, you hyena!

BODIER. Hold your tongue, you old crawfish!
MADAME BODIER. Gorilla!
BODIER. Vulture!
MADAME BODIER. Crocodile!
BODIER. Catamount!
MADAME BODIER. Armadillo!
BODIER. Lizard!
MADAME BODIER. Baboon!
BODIER. Weasel!
MADAME BODIER. Hippopotamus!
BODIER. Octopus!
MADAME BODIER. Bedbug!

(The violin screams with evil glee.)

BODIER. Ten thousand devils! I am sick of this business. I hear that cursed thing in my sleep.
MADAME BODIER. It is God's judgment on you, for the evil life you have led.
BODIER. *(Savagely)* Yes—I've been your husband for twenty years!
MADAME BODIER. Hah—a fine husband—you gluttonous, guzzling cormorant!
BODIER. Hold your tongue, you ugly shrew.
MADAME BODIER. Scavenger!
BODIER. Porcupine!
MADAME BODIER. Jackal!
BODIER. Rattlesnake!
MADAME BODIER. Cockroach!
BODIER. Toad!
MADAME BODIER. Polecat!
BODIER. Viper!
MADAME BODIER. Louse!

(There is a loud knock at the L.U. *door. They halt their vituperation.)*

BODIER. Who can that be? Not a traveler——!
(He moves toward the L.U. *door.)*

MADAME BODIER. Careful—look first!

BODIER. *(Cautiously opens the little trap in the door and looks out)* Bourien! Mon Dieu—it is Bourien, himself! *(Quickly closes trap and opens door.)*

MADAME BODIER. Bourien—from Paris? No—!

BOURIEN. *(Enters* L.U. *He is a big, powerful man, rather handsome, and with an arrogant swagger. He is well-dressed, and carries a sword. His boots are covered with mud, and his cloak is dripping wet)* Ha, mine host—what vile weather you provide your guests!

BODIER. 'Tis no choice of mine. What news, my friend?

BOURIEN. No news, you knave, until I am as wet inside as I am outside. *(Throws off cloak and sits at table.)*

BODIER. Quick, Nicole—some wine!

BOURIEN. Wine—on a night like this? Have you no spirits?

BODIER. Brandy, then! *(To* MADAME BODIER*)* Will you get it, heavy foot?

MADAME BODIER. Get it yourself, mud head! He is your worthless crony.

BODIER. *(Threatening her with his fist)* Do as I say, or I will iron out every wrinkle in your ugly face.

MADAME BODIER. *(Going* R. *for the brandy and muttering)* Ten million curses on the day of your birth.

BODIER. So, friend Bourien—you seem prosperous. Back-knifing has filled your pockets, eh?

BOURIEN. Nay, I tell you nothing, you gluttonous ostrich—do you think I want my night's sleep interrupted with a meat-axe?

BODIER. *(With a cracked laugh)* Ha, ha, ha—you jest well, Bourien—ah, here is the brandy—we will

have a merry time of it. *(To* MADAME BODIER*)* Well, pour it out, old buzzard beak,—pour it out!

MADAME. BODIER. *(Pouring out brandy)* May every drop of it poison you like green swamp water! *(She finishes, retreats to upper end of table, and drinks from the bottle.)*

BOURIEN. *(Taking a drink)* Hah! *(Drains the glass)* Hah! *(Looks for bottle, sees* MADAME BODIER, *springs up and toward her)* Give me that bottle, you rummaging sow! *(Snatches bottle from her and fills glass; drinks)* Hah! *(Drinks again)* Hah! *(Looks at* BODIER*)* Ho, Monsieur Bodier—you're a sly old fox, aren't you?

BODIER. Me? Perhaps—perhaps! Well?

BOURIEN. *(Brusquely)* Come, come! You'll pull no wool over my eyes. You knew something, you old chicken hawk.

BODIER. I? When?

BOURIEN. When you left Paris a year ago. Like a sly rat, you guessed that hell would be turned loose, and ran for it.

BODIER. Hell——?

BOURIEN. Thunder of God, yes—hell, damnation, and the foul fiend himself!

BODIER. Come, come, Bourien—have done with this rigamarole. What has happened?

BOURIEN. *(Springing up, excitedly)* Happened? *Happened?* The world is on fire, Bodier—the volcano has exploded. Our good people of Paris, the filthy rabble itself, have risen, and taken the Bastile, and torn it down!

MADAME BODIER. The Bastile——!

BODIER. The Bastile——! When?

BOURIEN. Last night. The Governor is killed, and others, and their heads are on pikes in the square, all bloody and ghastly white. It's revolution.

BODIER. And the King?

BOURIEN. Not yet! He is safe at Versailles, with the Court.

BODIER. But there has been no reprisal, no massacre?

BOURIEN. The army is for the people. The King has his Swiss Guards and Germans. They are not enough. But the King would make peace. It is the Queen.

BODIER. Ah—damned foreigner!

BOURIEN. She cries for vengeance—she would even seek an army from her brother in Austria. But they will not listen to her. The nobles are fleeing Paris—and Versailles—everything is chaos and panic.

BODIER. *(Craftily)* Then there must be looting?

BOURIEN. Ah, cunning rascal! You would know that, eh? Yes, they are burning and pillaging right and left—so I jumped on my horse and galloped away.

BODIER. You couldn't bear to see the poor aristocrats robbed of their jewels, I suppose.

BOURIEN. No, I couldn't bear to think of the division of the spoils, with so many sturdy robbers. The saints preserve the honest thief who is found with more than his share in Paris tonight. But there were no jewels, Bodier—mark you, no jewels!

BODIER. No jewels?

BOURIEN. None left in Paris. They have all fled, post-haste, and their jewels have gone with them. Also their women, praise be, which so delays them that I am here first.

BODIER. Ah, ha—I begin to see.

BOURIEN. Yes, you stupid ox! There will be rare pickings along the road in the next few days, and a worthy inn-keeper need only keep his wits about him to make handsome profit from a night's lodging.

BODIER. And you——?

BOURIEN. Ho, ho! So you think you could do it alone? These nobles carry swords and pistols, my fine friend—and they know how to use them.

BODIER. *(Significantly)* There are ways.

BOURIEN. Bad ways, Bodier—bad ways. A stab in the back often meets a hidden coat of mail, and then your dagger's broken only a second before your neck.

BODIER. But even a noble must sleep.

BOURIEN. And while you strangle him, his wife raises the countryside with her caterwauling. No, no—it takes two, my friend—though I mean no disrespect to your good Nicole. *(He bows elaborately to* MADAME BODIER.*)*

MADAME BODIER. Aye—I know a trick or two.

BODIER. Yes—she would talk them to death.

MADAME BODIER. Bah—you scrubby gallows' bird!

BODIER. Slut!

MADAME BODIER. Pimp!

BODIER. Drab!

BOURIEN. Shhhh! Stop! Come, come—that's no way for turtle-doves.

MADAME BODIER. Hah—turtle-doves!

BOURIEN. Well, at least, you're partners, and it's bad business. Quit for now, at any rate. Perhaps, with your hands full of gold and jewels, you'll think better of each other.

BODIER. Gold? That's funny. I haven't seen a piece of gold for half a year.

BOURIEN. So! You haven't prospered as an inn-keeper?

BODIER. Bah—I didn't come to this deserted pig-sty to be an inn-keeper!

BOURIEN. No?

BODIER. I came here for a purpose.

BOURIEN. And no good purpose, I'll warrant!

MADAME BODIER. *(Mockingly)* The crock of gold at the rainbow's end!

BODIER. Silence, you——!

BOURIEN. Wait—wait! Go on!

BODIER. One night a beggar told me a tale of things he had seen. He was half delirious from hunger, yet I felt myself believing him. He said he had come to Paris to find his friends, and was going back. That night he died——

BOURIEN. Suddenly——?

BODIER. God's ways are inscrutable! In his pocket was a great key wrapped in a piece of paper, with a single sentence: "On the road to Vienne Le Chateau, 'The Black Flamingo.'" *(He turns and looks at the shadow of the Flamingo over fireplace.)*

BOURIEN. *(Following his gaze)* I see——! Well——?

BODIER. That was a year ago—— *(He shrugs his shoulders)* —we are still here.

BOURIEN. Nothing——? *(Another shrug)* You have searched? (BODIER *is silent.)* Well——

MADAME BODIER. Ah—coward! Tell him—tell him!

BOURIEN. So——? Well, Bodier——?

BODIER. *(Sullenly)* There may be something here—we have searched every inch—all but one place——

BOURIEN. Where?

BODIER. There——! *(Pointing to fireplace.)*

BOURIEN. The fireplace——?

BODIER. It lies under the hearthstones, but——

BOURIEN. Well—well?

BODIER. We dare not touch them——

BOURIEN. Dare not touch them? *Dare* not? Nom de Dieu, man—you speak as though they were bewitched.

BODIER. Yes!

BOURIEN. *(In amazement)* What? You—you are jesting, surely!

BODIER. It is no jest—an evil spirit stands guard there——

BOURIEN. An evil spirit——? *(Roaring with mirth)* Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! You great bumpkin—why, living in the country has addled your brain, man! Where is this evil spirit? Show him me, that I may spit him on my sword.

BODIER. *(In a low voice)* The middle stone is loose. Try and lift it.

BOURIEN. Ho—that I will. And if it be not anchored to Old Nick's great toe, up she'll come. *(Striding to the fireplace)* What ho, demon—make way for a man! *(There is a sinister wail from far up the chimney. He pauses abruptly)* What was that? *(The wail dies away)* Ha—the wind, no doubt!

BODIER. No doubt!

BOURIEN. Gad, how it howls! Well, what's a little wind? *(He moves toward the fireplace. The wail sounds louder and nearer)* That's no wind. Bodier, you swine! What scurvy trick are you playing on me?

BODIER. I told you—you would not listen.

BOURIEN. Dog! Liar! There are no spirits—'tis a game—you think to frighten me.

BODIER. Nay, I would not think to frighten one with so long a sword.

BOURIEN. Close your vile trap. I'll show you what I think of you and your tricks. *(He takes a huge swig of brandy, and swaggers toward the fireplace. The violin screams still nearer)* Damnation! Fires of hell! That's a gruesome song you've conjured up for your game, my friend. Well, after I've run my blade through the singer, I'll lay its flat across your sneaking back for your pains. *(He takes another great swallow of brandy and literally charges*

SETTING USED BY THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
"THE BLACK FLAMINGO"

Act I, See Page 5

the fireplace) Come, my merry jester—here's cold steel for you. *(The violin screeches nearer than ever before. His sword drawn,* BOURIEN *springs into the fireplace and slashes about him in the chimney. The violin ceases abruptly.)* Ha, coward—your jest is over! *(He sheathes his sword)* And now, ho—for your treasure! *(He bends over and seizes the largest hearthstone and starts to lift it. The noise of the storm outside rises in a sudden crescendo, ending in a terrific crash of thunder, and a fierce, glaring flash of lightning which for a second lights the windows. At the same moment the* L.U. *door bursts in, swung by a mighty gust of wind, which extinguishes all the lights in the room, leaving pitch blackness. There is a piercing, inhuman scream from* BOURIEN, *followed by choking cries for help, the sounds of a desperate struggle. Throughout the wind whines through the open door, and the rain swirls down in torrents.)*

BODIER. Lights—lights——!

MADAME BODIER. Lights—Clotilde, lights——!

(CLOTILDE *enters* R.U. *with a lamp. The screaming has ceased, and by the faint light* BOURIEN *is seen staggering away from the fireplace, his hands clutching at his throat.)*

BODIER. Bourien—speak—you are hurt?

MADAME BODIER. Speak, Bourien—what was it—tell us?

BOURIEN. *(Gasping)* Hands—hands like a skeleton—at my throat—good God—give me some brandy——! *(Starts toward table; sees* L.U. *door open.)* Close yonder door—quick——

(BODIER *starts to* L.U. *door. As he reaches it, from the pitch blackness without steps* TRIGAUD. *They all utter sharp, nervous cries.* TRIGAUD *is*

tall and leanly built. His face is swarthy, with piercing eyes and a full, sensitive mouth. He wears his hair quite long, and has a sparse, silky beard. He is enveloped in a great black cloak, and seems to be carrying something under it.)

BODIER. *(Staring back)* Who are you?

TRIGAUD. A traveler.

BODIER. *(In a surly tone)* I know no more than I did before.

TRIGAUD. My name is Trigaud.

BODIER. What do you want?

TRIGAUD. A night's lodging.

BODIER. You will pay well?

TRIGAUD. If I sleep well.

BODIER. *(Closes the door)* The rooms are full—we expect many guests.

TRIGAUD. Excellent! I will entertain them.

BODIER. You——?

TRIGAUD. That is my trade. *(He takes a violin from under his cloak. The others look at each other quickly)* If you doubt me—— *(He places the violin under his chin, as though about to play.)*

BODIER. No, no—not now, Monsieur! Later when there are other guests.

TRIGAUD. As you wish.

(CLOTILDE *goes about the room lighting the lamps that were extinguished.)*

BODIER. Monsieur wishes a room?

TRIGAUD. Yes.

BODIER. A *good* room?

TRIGAUD. *(Sharply)* Yes, yes! Here—— *(He tosses a coin on the table.)*

BODIER. *(Seizing the coin)* Ah, yes, Monsieur—at once. At once. Clotilde!

CLOTILDE. Oui, Monsieur?

BODIER. The tower room—light Monsieur to it.

CLOTILDE. Oui, Monsieur! *(She goes up the circular staircase of the tower door Right.* TRIGAUD *follows. The others watch until they are out of sight.)*

BOURIEN. Diable! That is strange——!

MADAME BODIER. Do you think it is he——?

BODIER. Hush! I think nothing.

BOURIEN. Why did you take him in?

BODIER. I want to know where he is.

BOURIEN. This tower—there is no other entrance?

BODIER. That one door—and one key. *(He taps his great key ring)* Here it is.

BOURIEN. No windows?

BODIER. Ninety feet down a smooth wall.

BOURIEN. There are ropes?

BODIER. Locked in the cellar.

MADAME BODIER. But if he is the evil one, locks and keys are as nothing.

BODIER. Nay—he is human. I heard him breathe, and he smelled all horsey.

MADAME BODIER. What of that?

BODIER. Numbskull! How would the devil ride except through the air?

BOURIEN. Did you see what long, thin fingers he had? *(Feels of his neck.)*

MADAME BODIER. Aye—and what fierce, gleaming eyes!

BODIER. He has gold.

BOURIEN. True!

BODIER. And if he knows something——

BOURIEN. We must find out what he knows.

BODIER. Yes—yes! Nicole, go you quickly—— *(The faint sound of a rapidly galloping horse is heard off* L.U.*)*

MADAME BODIER. Shhhhh! *(They listen. The sound comes nearer.)*

BOURIEN. Someone is in a hurry.

BODIER. Surely, if he risks his life at such a pace on these slippery roads! *(He crosses to the* L.U. *door.)*

MADAME BODIER. Careful, Bodier——

BODIER. Bah—it is some messenger bearing the news from Paris. *(There is a loud knock at the* L.U. *door.* BODIER *opens the trap)* Who is there?

FRANCOIS. *(Off)* A traveler.

BODIER. Where from?

FRANCOIS. Does that matter?

BODIER. In sooth, it matters greatly. We want none but honest wayfarers with a home and a destination.

FRANCOIS. From Brussels, then, with dispatches for Vienne le Chateau!

BODIER. Very good! *(He closes the trap. Speaks in a low voice to* BOURIEN*)* I was right! *(Opens the door)* Enter, Monsieur!

(FRANCOIS DE LUSSAC *enters quickly* L.U. *He is a slender, handsome boy of nineteen with the bearing of a soldier. He looks tired and under a great nervous strain. He speaks quickly and excitedly.)*

FRANCOIS. Thank you. (BODIER *closes the door.)* My horse is in the courtyard—see to him. I must have lodging at once, Monsieur. *(He speaks with an authority that cannot be denied.)*

BODIER. At once, Monsieur—at once!

FRANCOIS. You have other guests?

BODIER. Only one other.

FRANCOIS. You will have more shortly. I passed a coach not a half a mile back, driving at top speed. I must have seclusion, Monsieur. You have a room apart from the others?

BODIER. But no, Monsieur—— Ah, wait—I can lodge you in a remote tower where there is but one

other guest—a vagabond fiddler, Monsieur—he will give you no cause for annoyance.

FRANCOIS. Good! Let me go there at once.

(CLOTILDE *appears at the* R. *door.)*

BODIER. At once! Clotilde, show Monsieur to the other tower room, and get you back here quickly —the coach is coming.

CLOTILDE. Oui, Monsieur. *(She goes to the staircase* R.*)*

FRANCOIS. Remember, I am not here.

BODIER. I have seen no one. I know nothing.

FRANCOIS. Good! See to my horse. *(He follows* CLOTILDE *up the* R. *staircase.)*

BODIER. Bourien, if you——

BOURIEN. Shhh! *(He makes a sign to be silent. Waits until* FRANCOIS *is out of sight)* Do you know who that is?

BODIER. Do you?

BOURIEN. Francois de Lussac, son of the old Duke, or I am blind as a crossroads beggar.

BODIER. You have seen him?

BOURIEN. Often! He is a Captain in the Guards, and stationed at Versailles. Men say he has more than passing favor with a certain great lady.

BODIER. The Austrian——?

BOURIEN. Shhh! I name no names—long live the Queen! *(He laughs a coarse laugh.)*

BODIER. Ah—then he doubtless carries much gold on his person.

BOURIEN. Bah—idiot! You would sell your soul for a handful of filth, not enough to get drunk on. This young cavalier may have something that could be turned into a fortune with proper care.

BODIER. What do you mean?

BOURIEN. That is my secret. *(Goes to* L.U. *door)*

I go to attend to Monsieur's horse, also my own. I may learn something.

BODIER. Let us hope so.

BOURIEN. You've a pretty wit, Bodier. *(He opens* L.U. *door. The sound of several galloping horses is heard)* Here comes the coach—breakneck, as he said. Fleeing aristocrats, I'll be bound. Dear, good, sweet Bodier, I pray you, do not knock any of them on the head for their purses until I return to advise you. *(He goes out* L.U.*)*

BODIER. *(To* MADAME BODIER*)* The rooms are ready?

MADAME BODIER. Yes.

BODIER. Good! *(He goes to* L.U. *door.)*

DE LUSSAC. *(A tall, aristocratic gentleman of sixty-odd years, steps into the room and bows slightly. It is* EUGENE, DUKE DE LUSSAC, *and father of* FRANCOIS*)* You are the keeper of this inn?

BODIER. *(Bowing profoundly)* The same, Monsieur.

DE LUSSAC. I wish lodging for myself and my two daughters. You can accommodate us?

BODIER. Our best rooms are at Monsieur's disposal.

DE LUSSAC. Good! There is also a priest whom we picked up at the crossroads a mile back. You will lodge him also at my expense.

BODIER. Nay, Monsieur, the holy fathers are always welcome guests under my humble roof.

DE LUSSAC. You are a pious fellow—good! *(Turns to go)* I shall fetch my daughters.

BODIER. And—Monsieur's name?

DE LUSSAC. Address me simply as "Monsieur." *(He goes out* L.U.*)*

MADAME BODIER. Ah—more mystery!

BODIER. Mystery—bah! Can't you see he is of the nobility? And the daughters—it means they are on the way to the frontier, as Bourien said.

MADAME BODIER. The daughters—they will have fine, rich clothes.

BODIER. And the father much gold!

MADAME BODIER. Ho—we shall need this priest before morning.

BODIER. Zut——! *(He snaps his fingers for silence.* DE LUSSAC *enters* L.U., *escorting* DIANA *and* CHARLOTTE, *who are heavily cloaked.)*

DE LUSSAC. Good Monsieur, my daughters are very weary. Their rooms are ready?

BODIER. Certainly, Monsieur! Nicole!

MADAME BODIER. If you will follow me——?

(DE LUSSAC *bows, and follows her up the stairway* L., DIANA *following and half-supporting* CHARLOTTE, *who seems very weak.)*

BODIER. I will wait and attend the holy father.

DE LUSSAC. That is well. And our horses?

BODIER. They shall be cared for as my own.

DE LUSSAC. Good! *(He follows the others upstairs.)*

(BODIER *crosses to the door as the figure of a priest enters. He is a tall, heavily-built man. His hood is pulled well over his face.)*

BODIER. *(Crossing himself)* Welcome to my unworthy inn, good Father.

THE PRIEST. Pax vobiscum, my son—a blessing on your house.

BODIER. Your Reverence will honor me by lodging here?

THE PRIEST. Yes, my son.

BODIER. The room is ready. *(He goes to the stairs Left, pauses, and indicates that the* PRIEST *shall precede him, which he does. They disappear up the staircase.)*

(BODIER *has closed the* L.U. *door after the* PRIEST. *It now slowly opens, pushed from the outside, and a strange figure enters. It is a young man of rather plump proportions, a round and foolish face, and an enormous mane of curly yellow hair. He is dressed in a weird mixture of garments, some of great richness and obvious fashion, and some the castoffs of a ragamuffin. Of the latter, the most important is a huge and ill-fitting greatcoat, in which the wearer is absurdly lost. In short, a fine flower of the foppish element of King Louis's court, hastening frantically to some less turbulent region. He is a scion of the lesser nobility, whom an irreverent courtier has nicknamed "*POPO.*" He enters cautiously, and advances down stage, hugging his greatcoat around him.* CLOTILDE *enters* R. *Does not see* POPO *at first, but when she does she utters a startled cry, at which he jumps in terror.)*

CLOTILDE. Ah, mon Dieu—is Monsieur sick?

POPO. No!

CLOTILDE. But Monsieur looks so strangely.

POPO. Ah—you notice it?

CLOTILDE. But yes!

POPO. Splendid! *(In a mysterious whisper)* I am in disguise.

CLOTILDE. Ah, that explains why Monsieur wears a wig.

POPO. *(Indignantly)* Wig! That is no wig, girl —see, it is my own beautiful, exquisite, matchless hair! *(He takes off his hat and holds his head toward her.)*

CLOTILDE. *(Seizing a handful and giving a mighty yank)* Why, so it is!

POPO. Ouch——! Mon Dieu—are you a wrestler?

CLOTILDE. But why does Monsieur wear such funny clothes? Monsieur is perhaps a gypsy? Monsieur does queer tricks? Ah, good Monsieur, show me how you take a roast pig out of your hat.

POPO. My hat? Heaven forbid! Nay, I can do no such sorcery—but I warrant you, I could make a roast pig disappear fast enough.

CLOTILDE. Ho, then I am cleverer than Monsieur, because I can make a roast pig appear.

POPO. Truly? From where?

CLOTILDE. From my oven, where it is roasting.

POPO. *(With eager condescension)* My good girl, as I now behold you, in a better light, I begin to perceive that you possess no small measure of personal beauty.

CLOTILDE. Monsieur——!

POPO. Yes—morbleau!—rarely have I seen such eyes—such cheeks—such lips—so swanlike a throat——

CLOTILDE. Nay, Monsieur—nay——!

POPO. Truly, truly—and such a form—such ankles—even Marie Antoinette herself—ah——! *(He pauses in consternation.)*

CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur—yes?

POPO. No, no—I must be careful—I must be discreet.

CLOTILDE. *(Eagerly)* You spoke of the Queen—!

POPO. Nay—'twas but a slip of the tongue.

CLOTILDE. But you did—you know her—you know the Queen?

POPO. Shhh—not so loud!

CLOTILDE. But you know her—the Queen?

POPO. Hush—hush! *(In a whisper)* I will tell you a secret.

CLOTILDE. Yes, yes——!

POPO. A dark and fearsome secret.

CLOTILDE. A secret about the Queen?

POPO. Yes. *(Lowering his voice again)* The Queen loves me.

CLOTILDE. Holy Father in Heaven—why?

POPO. *(In amazement)* Why——? Is it not apparent?

CLOTILDE. Monsieur is very wealthy?

POPO. On the contrary—I am superbly penniless.

CLOTILDE. Monsieur is very clever?

POPO. On my honor, no! I am renowned, far and wide, as the stupidest man in France.

CLOTILDE. Monsieur is very brave?

POPO. I am like a palsied rabbit if a door slams. *(There is a sharp crash of thunder. He starts convulsively)* See—I told you!

CLOTILDE. Monsieur is very passionate?

POPO. Nay—I am like a glacier. But I can arouse passion, passion so furious that strong men weep with rage and mighty warriors wring their hands for envy.

CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur—tell me—I die to know—what is this fatal spell, this magic power?

POPO. It is my leg.

CLOTILDE. Blessed Virgin——!

POPO. Ah—you doubt!

CLOTILDE. Nay——!

POPO. Behold, girl! *(He throws aside his great-coat and stretches forth a somewhat chubby limb encased in garish hose)* There stands the most exquisite, shapely, flowerlike leg in Christendom.

CLOTILDE. *(Unmoved)* It is rather fat.

POPO. Yokel! Do you not know symmetry when you see it? I tell you, that leg is like music, like wine, like rare perfume. Great ladies weep at the sight of it, young girls swoon at the thought of it. All Versailles envies it. Tell me, as you gaze on its rapturous curves, do you not tremble? Yes, you do tremble, for I see you.

CLOTILDE. Truly—but it is because my feet are wet and I have a chill.

POPO. Clodhopper! You have no soul.

CLOTILDE. *(Stubbornly)* I don't need a soul to know fat when I see it.

POPO. Lout! You do not understand contour. See, watch the play of muscles as I walk—— *(He minces elegantly across the stage)* Is it not a rhapsody?

CLOTILDE. *(Dubiously)* Perhaps it is not fat, but only bloat.

POPO. Loon! Lunkhead! I tell you, there is not in all the civilized world a more rhythmetical, a more euphonious, a more mellifluous calf.

CLOTILDE. Aye—and 'twill soon become a cow.

POPO. *(In pettish fury)* Dunce! Nitwit! I ignore you—go. You shall not see me dance.

CLOTILDE. *(In sudden excitement)* What——? What did you say, Monsieur?

POPO. I said you shall not see me dance.

CLOTILDE. Dance? Ah, Monsieur! Monsieur dances?

POPO. Like a poem—like a wood nymph—like a spring zephyr—but you shall not see me.

CLOTILDE. Ah, but Monsieur—I beg, I implore!

POPO. No!

CLOTILDE. I have never seen the dances of the Court—I beseech you, Monsieur!

POPO. No! I am angry.

CLOTILDE. I entreat you, Monsieur.

POPO. No! I am furious.

CLOTILDE. I pray you, Monsieur.

POPO. No! I am convulsed with rage.

CLOTILDE. I am on my knees, Monsieur.

POPO. I do not notice it.

CLOTILDE. Oh, yes, Monsieur—yes. *(She falls on her knees before him.)*

POPO. Ah—that is better! Now we can talk.

CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur! Monsieur will relent?

POPO. Perhaps! *(Bending toward her)* If I remember rightly, you spoke of a roast pig?

CLOTILDE. But yes, Monsieur.

POPO. A little pig? A suckling pig? A young, delicate, dainty pig?

CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur.

POPO. With an apple in its mouth?

CLOTILDE. An apple soaked in brandy, Monsieur.

POPO. Ah! The artistic touch.

CLOTILDE. And gravy, Monsieur—gravy with mushrooms and goose livers.

POPO. Yes, yes—the true aesthete.

CLOTILDE. And mince-meat dumplings.

POPO. How passionate!

CLOTILDE. And seven kinds of cheese.

POPO. Oh, ecstasy! *(He raises her to her feet)* I relent, most adorable of females, I relent. I shall dance for you.

CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur——

POPO. After I have eaten the pig.

CLOTILDE. But certainly, Monsieur.

POPO. It is ready?

CLOTILDE. In a little while, Monsieur.

POPO. Then I shall go to my room—— There *is* a room, most lovely damsel?

CLOTILDE. Oh, yes, Monsieur—a beautiful room, with a fine straw mattress.

POPO. Straw——! *(He makes a grimace)* But no matter—there is still the pig.

CLOTILDE. Oh, yes, Monsieur—and such a sweet pig. His name was Alceste.

POPO. How touching!

CLOTILDE. And what is Monsieur's name?

POPO. Ah, yes. You do not know. Well, I am Pascal Antoine Baptiste Eustache Amadee Manoel Georges Sylvan Philipe Charles Bernard August, Viscompt de Boizinois. But they call me Popo.

CLOTILDE. *(Tenderly)* It is a beautiful name—Monsieur Popo! *(Very archly)* My name is Clotilde.

POPO. *(Gallantly kissing her hand)* Ah, Mademoiselle Clotilde!

CLOTILDE. *(Ever so coyly)* Oh—Monsieur!

POPO. *(Kissing her hand again, somewhat too ardently)* Most charming Mademoiselle Clotilde!

CLOTILDE. Oh—*Monsieur!*

POPO. *(Kissing her palm, then her forearm, then her elbow)* Most exquisite, most delicious Mademoiselle Clotilde!

CLOTILDE. *(Frightened)* Oh—Monsieur! Perhaps—perhaps Monsieur had better go to Monsieur's room——! *(She sees* MADAME BODIER *appear at the top of* L. *stairs)* Yes—I am *sure* Monsieur had better. *(To* MADAME BODIER*)* Madame, here is Monsieur Popo from the Court at Versailles—this is Madame Bodier, Monsieur.

POPO. *(With an elaborate bow)* Most gracious Madame!

MADAME BODIER. You want a room?

POPO. If you can arrange it, Madame.

MADAME BODIER. Follow me. Clotilde, get you to the kitchen. *(She goes out* L. *stairs.* POPO *follows, but turns back just before he disappears.)*

POPO. Au 'voir, enchantress!

CLOTILDE. Au 'voir, Monsieur Popo! *(He goes out* L. *stairs.* CLOTILDE *is in transports. She parades about in a grand manner, and executes her hazy notion of a minuct, pausing to exclaim, with her hands pressed heavily against her heart)* "Most exquisite, most delicious Mademoiselle——"

MADAME BODIER. *(Enters* L.*)* Clotilde! You worthless baggage—quick, have we not guests to feed? Wait till I catch you—I'll lay a broom-handle across your back. *(But* CLOTILDE *has fled* R.U. *As*

MADAME BODIER *reaches the* R.U. *door,* BODIER *appears* L.U.*)*

BODIER. By the saints, Nicole—they come thick and fast. This rascal Bourien is right—there will be pickings.

MADAME BODIER. What are you going to do?

BODIER. There is much gold here tonight—and there are horses, good horses, in the stable.

MADAME BODIER. You will not wait for more?

BODIER. More? More? Zut—I am not greedy.

MADAME BODIER. Bourien will want half.

BODIER. To be sure—and I will give him more than half, because he is so brave and clever—then as he mounts his horse I will stick him between the shoulder-blades.

MADAME BODIER. And me, too, I suppose.

BODIER. Perhaps!

MADAME BODIER. Nay—you shall mount first and I will ride behind you, with a pistol against your ribs so you will not think to lose me off.

BODIER. Come, come—let us be friends for the moment.

MADAME BODIER. True—there are so many enemies.

BODIER. Dead men tell no tales.

MADAME BODIER. And the holy father?

BODIER. Diable—I had forgotten.

MADAME BODIER. You must think of a way.

BODIER. Mayhap the lightning will strike him.

MADAME BODIER. With you so convenient? Never!

(THE PRIEST *appears at the head of the stairs Left.)*

BODIER. Shhhhh—you fool! *(As the* PRIEST *descends he crosses to him)* There is something you wish, Your Worship?

THE PRIEST. Yes, my son—I am very thirsty——

BODIER. Ah, certainly, certainly—we have ale, wine, brandy——

THE PRIEST. Nay—only water, pure and refreshing.

BODIER. Yes, yes—— Nicole——! *(She has already gone off* R.U.*)* In just a moment, Father.

THE PRIEST. There is no hurry. *(He sits at the table)* You have other guests?

BODIER. Only a strolling minstrel.

THE PRIEST. And the young man who arrived in such great haste——

BODIER. Nay, Father——

THE PRIEST. And whom you lodged in the tower room yonder. *(He points up Right.)*

BODIER. *(In confusion)* Good Father—he—he did not wish it known——

THE PRIEST. I know everything! I warn you, do not try to deceive me.

BODIER. No, Father!

MADAME BODIER. *(Entering* R.U.*)* Here, Your Reverence—fresh from the spring. *(She places a metal beaker before him on the table.)*

THE PRIEST. Ah—much thanks! *(He lifts the beaker and drinks. In doing so his hood falls back. He is revealed as a man of fifty, with a magnificent, leonine head, long curly black hair, and flashing, compelling black eyes which seem to pierce through whatever their gaze falls upon. As he finishes drinking he sets down the beaker and rises)* Now I will rest. *(He turns to go, and as he does so* BOURIEN *comes in* L.U. *quickly. The two men meet face to face.)*

BOURIEN. *(Staggering back, as though about to fall)* Holy Mother of Christ——!

THE PRIEST. *(In a low but terrifying voice)* Silence!

BOURIEN. *(Crossing himself, trembling)* Yes——

THE PRIEST. You know me?

BOURIEN. Yes.

THE PRIEST. You fear me?

BOURIEN. Like the foul fiend himself!

THE PRIEST. Then you do not know me. *(He quietly turns and walks up the stairway Left, and exits.)*

BODIER. Bourien! What, in the name of God—?

BOURIEN. *(In terror)* Shhhhh!

BODIER. Nay—tell me—who is this priest?

BOURIEN. I dare not.

BODIER. Fool—he cannot hear.

BOURIEN. I tell you, I dare not.

BODIER. Bah! Snivelling coward, to fear a priest!

BOURIEN. Shhhh! *(He looks cautiously up the* L. *staircase. The three of them are standing around the table on which stands the metal beaker.* BOURIEN *lowers his voice)* He is no priest. He is—— *(There is a blinding flash of red flame from the beaker, followed by a puff of black smoke. They all spring back in abject terror)* Ah——! (BOURIEN *springs away from the table)* What a fool I am!

MADAME BODIER. Ho—and *that* is the holy father you would have the lightning strike! *(There is a mocking wail from the violin in the chimney.)*

BODIER. Hold your tongue! The other is at it again.

BOURIEN. A curse on this place! It is the haunt of all evil. *(Again the wail.)*

BODIER. Then leave it.

BOURIEN. And leave the plunder to you? Not I! I was right about the youngster.

BODIER. It is he?

BOURIEN. The De Lussac crest is on his saddle.

BODIER. Then——?

BOURIEN. His dispatches aim further than Vienne le Chateau!

MADAME BODIER. You think——?

BOURIEN. If it is Austria, I can guess the sender,

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"THE BLACK FLAMINGO"

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and there's a fat bag of gold to be had if the Paris mob has not gone mad and cut the dear lady's throat.

BODIER. What will you do?

BOURIEN. First, pick a quarrel with him—disarm him—and then make friends. The rest is easy.

BODIER. If you fail——?

BOURIEN. I will not fail. You have never seen me at sword play, eh, Bodier? *(He taps his hilt with bravado.)*

BODIER. I've seen you duelling up a chimney.

BOURIEN. Damnation—I did not say I could fight banshees.

BODIER. *(Drily)* Nor priests!

BOURIEN. *(Furiously)* At least, I am a match for any scurvy innkeeper alive! *(He half draws his sword.)*

MADAME BODIER. Nay, nay—do not quarrel over words. Come, Bourien, you have ridden far and are hungry. Come to the kitchen with me—all your skill will not avail you if your stomach is empty.

BOURIEN. True enough. *(He gives a parting glare at* BODIER *and exits* R.U.*)*

MADAME BODIER. *(Follows as far as the* R.U. *door, and turns and whispers)* Go to De Lussac's room. See if he sleeps. *(She exits* R.U.*)*

BODIER. Ah—ha! *(He starts quickly across Right. The elder* DE LUSSAC *enters* L.*)*

DE LUSSAC. A word, mine host!

BODIER. Oui, Monsieur? *(He returns.)*

DE LUSSAC. You have not, by chance, had as a guest a young man of some nineteen years, of soldierly carriage, with blue eyes and reddish hair, and —somewhat resembling me?

BODIER. Resembling you, Monsieur?

DE LUSSAC. Somewhat—yes, after a fashion.

BODIER. *(A light dawning)* No, Monsieur.

DE LUSSAC. Ah, I feared so. But if such a one

should come and ask shelter, will you tell me? *(He holds out a coin.)*

BODIER. Certainly, certainly, Monsieur.

DE LUSSAC. I thank you. *(He bows slightly.* BODIER *goes to stairs* R., *and goes out, casting a crafty glance behind him.)*

(DIANA *enters* L. *She is a beautiful girl of twenty, with great dignity and charm, and with an inexpressibly sad expression.)*

DIANA. Father—why did you leave me?

DE LUSSAC. I came to ask the innkeeper if he had seen aught of Francois.

DIANA. Well?

DE LUSSAC. Nothing!

DIANA. He may already have crossed the frontier.

DE LUSSAC. Then he will surely reach Austria. Oh, what disgrace!

DIANA. *(Passionately)* Oh, that vile, vile woman!

DE LUSSAC. That a son of mine should so lose his head.

DIANA. I do not blame him. Poor boy—remember, Father, she is Queen of France. Older and wiser men than he have yielded to her temptations and blindly done her bidding.

DE LUSSAC. But this cruel thing—to bring cursed foreign troops to crush our own people—our people who starve and die because of her wanton squandering! And that my son——!

DIANA. Father, he was mad—— She bade him go, and he thought only of his infatuation!

DE LUSSAC. Diana, Diana—why did he not come to me? Why did he not tell me? *(His voice breaks.)*

DIANA. I tell you he was mad, Father—— Ah, do not distress yourself so! We will find him, do

not fear—and he will give up this treacherous mission.

DE LUSSAC. I pray it will be so! *(He kisses her forehead)* You are a good daughter, Diana—as he was a good son, until that woman——

DIANA. Yes, Father—yes! *(She soothes him.)*

DE LUSSAC. You are right—I must save my strength. *(He pulls himself together)* Charlotte is sleeping?

DIANA. Yes, Father.

DE LUSSAC. I will try and rest also. *(Starts to go. Pauses)* You are coming?

DIANA. I will come if Charlotte needs me, Father. I—I wish to be alone.

DE LUSSAC. I understand. *(He goes out* L.*)*

(DIANA *crosses to table, sits, and buries her face in her hands in silent grief. A moment later* TRIGAUD *appears, descending the circular staircase of the tower* R. *He carries his cloak and violin. He sees* DIANA, *and lays the cloak and violin on bench; crosses to her.)*

TRIGAUD. A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle. *(She raises her face. He steps back, thunderstruck) You——!*

DIANA. *(Rising in surprise)* Monsieur——!

TRIGAUD. *(Recovering his composure)* Forgive me, Mademoiselle—I startled you! *(He bows repentantly.)*

DIANA. But—you seemed to recognize me, Monsieur.

TRIGAUD. True—but it is of no consequence. The memory of a moment. I pray you be seated once more.

DIANA. *(Sitting at the table, but facing him)* But tell me, Monsieur—this memory—why do I not share it with you? Your face—— You will pardon me,

Monsieur. Your face is not one to be easily forgotten.

TRIGAUD. Ah—that is good news.

DIANA. So——?

TRIGAUD. It bids me have high hopes for our next meeting.

DIANA. Why not, Monsieur? If fate wills that we meet again.

TRIGAUD. Eh, fate is not to be trusted. I shall contrive it.

DIANA. *(With a smile)* I like your ardor, Monsieur.

TRIGAUD. *(Eagerly)* Truly——?

DIANA. What woman does not love flattery? And what woman can withstand the ravages of curiosity?

TRIGAUD. Curiosity——?

DIANA. Yes, Monsieur—I burn to know of this first meeting, which you make so much a mystery.

TRIGAUD. *(In a low, thrilling voice)* You stood at a window set high in a great white wall, and the moon came through the leaves and shadowed a thousand dancing traceries and quivering phantoms until the whole wall was like a great living tapestry, with you framed in the window, a radiant madonna, whose smile blessed a tranquil universe, till one who watched could stand mute no longer but joined his voice to the sylvan choir.

DIANA. Ah, I remember, I remember! That night I was so happy!

TRIGAUD. There was boundless happiness in your face.

DIANA. You saw me——?

TRIGAUD. And trembled.

DIANA. But you were there. You heard the magic player—perhaps you saw the magician himself?

TRIGAUD. *(With a shrug)* There was a fellow standing there.

DIANA. A fellow——?

TRIGAUD. Some vagabond minstrel.

DIANA. But he spun beauty like the moonlight.

TRIGAUD. He was privileged if he gave you pleasure.

DIANA. Why did he not speak, or show himself?

TRIGAUD. To seek reward?

DIANA. Yes!

TRIGAUD. I do not know—when he had finished playing he slunk away.

DIANA. But I was waiting!

TRIGAUD. Yes——?

DIANA. He did not come—so I threw my rose into the shadows.

TRIGAUD. *(With trembling eagerness)* You did?

DIANA. Ah—then you, too, went away?

TRIGAUD. I—I was afraid so much beauty might drive me mad.

DIANA. *(With sudden bitterness)* There was madness afoot that night—ah!

TRIGAUD. Mademoiselle——! You suffer?

DIANA. A memory——!

TRIGAUD. Not a bitter memory—of that evening?

DIANA. Yes! Ah, not for myself—I was so happy. But for one I loved.

TRIGAUD. Most fortunate man!

DIANA. My brother——

TRIGAUD. Ah——!

DIANA. The moonlight wove enchantment about him, too, that night—enchantment deep, and black with evil shadows, a cruel magic that has brought him delusion, madness—dishonor!

TRIGAUD. There is no help?

DIANA. There is no help for dishonor.

TRIGAUD. You are a harsh judge, fair lady. Moonlight and sweet singing are potent necromancy, enough to try the stoutest hearts. There was another that night who felt fierce embers kindling

where there had been but cold ashes for many years —one who, sworn to loneliness and a stern vow, paused in the moonlight and saw a face that set old fires leaping, fires of transport, rapture, yearning! *(He leans toward her, his voice almost inaudible with emotion.)*

DIANA. *(Rising slowly, and taking a step away)* Monsieur—you frighten me! If—if it is I you mean —nay, I would not willingly invoke any such unhappy agitation.

TRIGAUD. Ah, Mademoiselle, it is not for your choosing, the glorious tumults in the hearts of men who gaze on your beauty!

DIANA. Then I am cursed.

TRIGAUD. Nay—I beg of you. Is it a curse to reawaken a mind weary and dull, to stir more a heart numb with aching, to banish pain and despair, and summon courage, ambition and—hope?

DIANA. *(Gently)* I did that——?

TRIGAUD. Aye—and more.

DIANA. Then I have not utterly failed?

TRIGAUD. You—failed?

DIANA. Yes, because I yielded myself to selfish happiness, and deserted the watchfulness that alone would have saved my poor brother from delusion and mockery.

TRIGAUD. There was no selfishness in your face that night.

DIANA. *(Shaking her head sadly)* I was too happy—now I am paying.

TRIGAUD. You will be happy again.

DIANA. How can I? My country is wracked with terror and hatred. My friends and kinsmen struggle helplessly in the grip of starved and desperate men, and my home is stripped and pillaged and in ruins. Ah, my beautiful home, with its trees and flowers and ivy-covered walls. If I could see it again, and smell the soft evening breezes, heavy with honey-

suckle. Here—here all is bleak and heartless, a bare, stolid wilderness. But ah, if I could see my garden again, my dear garden, with its swaying shadows and glistening pools of moonlight—— If I could hear again the witching serenade of that unseen troubador—— *(She sighs deeply.)*

TRIGAUD. Mademoiselle—your wish is a command. *(He picks up his violin and starts to play softly.)*

DIANA. *(Her face becoming radiant)* Ah—*you! (He continues to play, and she listens with rapt attention.)*

BOURIEN. *(Just before he finishes,* BOURIEN, *somewhat the worse for liquor, staggers in* R.U. *and stands listening. At the last note he comes forward)* Ho, my fine fiddler—you've come down to earth, have you? Well, we've a little debt to pay. *(He fumbles with his sword.)*

TRIGAUD. Pardon, Monsieur—I speak with a lady.

BOURIEN. In sooth, yes—but now you'll speak with me.

TRIGAUD. *(Apologetically to* DIANA*)* Mademoiselle will pardon this rude fellow?

BOURIEN. Rude fellow, eh? Come, you yellow-bellied gutter ghoul—have done with the wench. *(He now has his sword out.)*

TRIGAUD. Wench——!

BOURIEN. Aye, wench!

TRIGAUD. You blackguard, I'll wring your slimy neck. *(He lays down his violin.)*

DIANA. Careful, in God's name—you are unarmed!

TRIGAUD. Fear not—I need no weapon for such a churl! *(He seizes his cloak and starts in a circle around* BOURIEN, *who lunges furiously at him with his sword. At each lunge* TRIGAUD *flaunts the cloak in his face, causing him to miss. At last catches him*

off his balance, wrests the sword from his hand, and sends him sprawling on his face.)

THE PRIEST. *(Has entered at the top of the stairs* L. *and watches the contest. He starts to descend)* Well done, Monsieur Trigaud.

TRIGAUD. *(Turning)* Ah——! *(He crosses himself.)*

THE PRIEST. You learned that trick in Spain?

TRIGAUD. Yes, Father.

THE PRIEST. *(Picking up the violin)* And this violin—is a Stradivarius?

TRIGAUD. You are right.

THE PRIEST. Then you have traveled far—*(Touching a chain around* TRIGAUD'S *neck)*—ah, and that chain is from Egypt! I, too, am a wanderer, Monsieur—strange we should meet here! *(He turns his piercing gaze on* TRIGAUD *for a moment, then turns to* BOURIEN*)* Fool! Did I not warn you? Go! (BOURIEN *slinks out* R.U. *in terror. The* PRIEST *turns to* TRIGAUD*)* Keep yonder blade near you, Monsieur—in a few minutes you will need it! *(He goes out* L.U.*)*

DIANA. You are a brave man.

TRIGAUD. Nay—I took no risk.

DIANA. Unarmed as you were?

TRIGAUD. I have faced the cruel horns of many a raging bull with no other weapon than my cloak.

DIANA. You are truly a toreador?

TRIGAUD. I have been many things. Now I am the captive of a little tyrant god whose winged arrow flew true to its mark one fatal evening——

DIANA. *(Embarrassed)* I pray you, Monsieur—play to me again.

TRIGAUD. As you wish. *(He starts to play. After a moment he pauses)* Strange! Do you not hear a noise, a strange scratching noise?

DIANA. I had not noticed——

TRIGAUD. 'Twas but my fancy, no doubt. *(He*

starts to play; in a moment she stops him with a gesture.)

DIANA. You were right, Monsieur—I heard it, too—it is yonder, I think! *(She points towards the fireplace.)*

TRIGAUD. I thought I was not wrong! *(He starts to play, and crosses slowly towards the fireplace. Stops playing and laughs)* Why, 'tis some rat, that is all. These old places teem with them. *(He continues with his playing. She listens ecstatically. He crosses and stands quite close to her.)*

(FRANCOIS *is seen descending the* R. *stairs. He reaches the lowest step as* TRIGAUD *stops playing.)*

DIANA. Ah, Monsieur—that was beautiful!

(At the sound of her voice, FRANCOIS *steps back into the shadow.)*

TRIGAUD. Mademoiselle, my happiness is complete if I have given you pleasure.

DIANA. You have, Monsieur. *(She holds out her hand to him.)*

TRIGAUD. Ah, Mademoiselle——! *(He seizes her hand and kisses it fervently several times. She does not draw it away.)*

FRANCOIS. *(Springs forward. Furiously)* Stop —how dare you!

DIANA. Brother——!

FRANCOIS. You varlet, you stable boy—to dare touch my sister's hand!

DIANA. Nay, Francois——!

FRANCOIS. Quiet! I heard him pouring poison in your ears with his gypsy fiddling tricks—but he'll do it no more. *(Drawing his sword)* There is a

sword there, fellow—seize it, that I may not kill an unarmed man.

TRIGAUD. *(Quietly picking up the sword. Turning to* DIANA*)* This is unfortunate, Mademoiselle —I fear I must at least protect myself though it be against your brother.

DIANA. No, no—Francois——!

TRIGAUD. Do not fear—I will not hurt him——

FRANCOIS. *(In a frenzy)* God in Heaven——! *(He charges* TRIGAUD *violently. His thrust is deftly turned. The more furiously he fights, the more easily* TRIGAUD *keeps him off. Finally,* TRIGAUD *twists the sword from his hand. As it falls to the floor he puts his foot on it. At this moment* DE LUSSAC *enters* L.*)*

DE LUSSAC. Francois—my son! What is this brawl?

FRANCOIS. This fellow here has tried——

DIANA. Francois—shame! Father, my brother has chosen a quarrel which neither circumstances nor his swordsmanship warranted, and this gentleman has right gallantly spared his life.

DE LUSSAC. *(To* TRIGAUD*)* And who are you, sir?

TRIGAUD. *(With a shrug)* It does not matter, Monsieur. It seems that I have trespassed—unwittingly, I assure you, Monsieur. I beg that I may withdraw. *(He bows, lays the sword on the table, picks up the violin and exits by stairs* R.*)*

DE LUSSAC. *(To* FRANCOIS, *sternly)* Come, sir, what is all this, and what do you here? *(*FRANCOIS *is sullenly silent.)* I see—Diana spoke truly. You have again rushed into a rash exploit, without seeking the truth or counting the cost. *(To* DIANA*)* Leave us, Daughter.

DIANA. Yes, Father! *(In a low voice as she passes him)* Try to be kind. *(She goes up the stairs* L.*)*

DE LUSSAC. *(Sternly)* Why are you here? *(There is no answer.)* Answer my question, sir! *(Still no answer.)* There is guilt in your silence, my son!

FRANCOIS. Guilt? Guilt of what sort, sir? You accuse your son of dishonor?

DE LUSSAC. *(Pointing)* There is mud on your boots—it is not yet dry. This morning you were at Versailles.

FRANCOIS. It is my post, sir.

DE LUSSAC. Then you have not deserted it?

(The door R.U. *opens stealthily and* BOURIEN *appears listening.)*

FRANCOIS. A De Lussac does not desert his post, sir. But he obeys orders.

DE LUSSAC. Whose orders? Your commander knew nothing of your departure.

FRANCOIS. They did not concern him.

DE LUSSAC. Then whom did they concern?

FRANCOIS. Sir, my orders are secret and confidential—I must beg you not to question me as I shall refuse to answer.

DE LUSSAC. Secret—confidential! So—there has been a mission entrusted to you?

FRANCOIS. *(Proudly)* A sacred mission.

(WARN Curtain.)

DE LUSSAC. *(With contemptuous anger)* Sacred? Infamous—— Come, sir—no more evasion—it only damns you further. I know your mission, and it is a shameful one. You bear a letter from Marie Antoinette to her brother Leopold begging him for troops that she may crush Paris. She has chosen you for this despicable task because she knows you to be bound by the crippling chains of infatuation and that you will blindly do her bidding though it drag

your name and honor in the mire. But she has not reckoned with me, sir.

FRANCOIS. *(Defiantly)* What can you do?

DE LUSSAC. Save you. *(Holding out his hand)* Give me the letter.

FRANCOIS. Never.

DE LUSSAC. Give it to me.

FRANCOIS. No.

(There is a long pause.)

DE LUSSAC. I will give you a moment more. Think carefully in that moment. I go to saddle your horse that you may at once rejoin your regiment. If, when I return, you place the Queen's letter in my hand, I will forgive you and you can go. But if you refuse me the letter, as Heaven is my witness, I will take it from you though I must need slay you with my own hand. *(He turns and slowly goes out* L.U., *closing the door behind him. As he turns to go,* BOURIEN'S *head disappears.)*

FRANCOIS. *(When he is alone,* FRANCOIS *looks around hastily, then draws a letter from his belt, looks about the room as though seeking a hiding place. After a moment he starts towards the great fireplace. As he approaches it the wail of the violin sounds clearly. Looking up at the tower, Right, with anger and hatred in his face)* Damned fiddler! *(He crosses quickly to the fireplace, paying no attention to the now insistently shrieking violin. As he steps into the fireplace itself, the wailing ceases. He tries several stones in the wall, but none are loose. He leans over and tries the hearthstones, and finds the Center one can be raised. He stands erect, and reaches to his belt for the letter. At that moment two long, thin, bony hands, tapering from skinny, knotted arms, reach down from the chimney above. With serpent-like rapidity the fingers close around*

his neck. He gives a stifled cry, and his hands clutch convulsively at his throat. He cannot loosen the vise-like grip that holds him, and can utter no sound. Slowly the arms pull upwards, and writhing horribly his body is lifted slowly out of sight.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

A moment later.

The stage is empty. BOURIEN *enters* R.U., *cautiously. He looks around, goes to the door* L.U.; *tries it. As he does so,* BODIER *comes down stairs, Right.*

BODIER. Well, what have you learned?

BOURIEN. The young one bears the Queen's message.

BODIER. Well?

BOURIEN. We get the message, threaten to expose the son—De Lussac, to save the scandal, will become our agent to the Queen.

BODIER. Ha! You think she will pay?

BOURIEN. If we show that message to the Paris mob, she will be torn in a thousand pieces. I tell you, I saw De Launay's head on a pike—De Launay, the Governor of the Bastile itself!

BODIER. Where is young De Lussac?

BOURIEN. Gone to his room.

BODIER. Nay, I came from there.

BOURIEN. He did not pass you in the darkness?

BODIER. I stood in the upper doorway, speaking with the fiddler.

BOURIEN. *(Darkly)* Aye, the fiddler. *He* has but one more sleep in this world.

BODIER. Go, do for him now. He is unarmed.

BOURIEN. He has a sword.

BODIER. He had one hidden?

BOURIEN. Mine! The dog stole it.

BODIER. Nay, there lies your blade. *(Points to the table.)*

BOURIEN. *(Goes to table; picks up sword)* Morbleu—it is the same! The fool! *(Turns to* BODIER*)* Does he slumber yet?

BODIER. Not yet.

BOURIEN. *(Hesitating)* Hmmmmm—hmmmmmm—then I will wait a while. (TRIGAUD *enters quietly* R. BOURIEN *hastily sheathes the sword)* Yes—I'll wait a while. *(He hurries out* L.U.*)*

TRIGAUD. Come—is there to be food?

BODIER. Yes, yes—immediately, good Monsieur!

TRIGAUD. That's well for your filthy hide. (BODIER *is staring at the violin* TRIGAUD *holds in his hand. He speaks sharply)* Well—have you never seen a fiddle before? (BODIER *quickly crosses himself and hurries out* R.U.*)*

(TRIGAUD *makes sure he is alone, then takes from part of the violin a small roll of paper, unrolls it, looks closely at it, glances keenly at the chimney, back at the paper, replaces the paper, and takes several eager steps toward the fireplace. As he reaches it there is a faint but horrible wail from up the chimney.* TRIGAUD *starts back in surprise, looks at the violin in his hand, then comes down stage, deep in thought.)*

DE LUSSAC. *(Enters* L.U.*)* Monsieur——

TRIGAUD. Ah——! *(He bows.)*

DE LUSSAC. I have not thanked you for your gallant behavior towards my son.

TRIGAUD. *(With a shrug)* These unfortunate things occur, Monsieur.

DE LUSSAC. Nevertheless, I thank God for your masterly swordsmanship. You have been a soldier?

TRIGAUD. Of fortune. Some good, some evil. I

seek a goal. I mean to reach it by fair means or foul.

DE LUSSAC. I am in your debt, Monsieur. You may command my aid.

TRIGAUD. Fair or foul?

DE LUSSAC. *(Bitterly)* What is fair, and what is foul, in these troubled times? My own son has betrayed his honor.

TRIGAUD. He has gone?

DE LUSSAC. I seek him even now. I left him here.

TRIGAUD. His room is in the tower. Shall I show you?

DE LUSSAC. If you will be so kind. *(He precedes* TRIGAUD *off* R. TRIGAUD, *as he goes, takes another look at the chimney.)*

(POPO *enters* L. *He has repaired his costume and appearance as much as is possible. He crosses Center and sits down. Hardly has he done so when a malignant wail sounds from the chimney. He springs to his feet, quaking. Approaches the fireplace cautiously.* BOURIEN *enters* L.U. *behind him and speaks ferociously in his ear.)*

BOURIEN. Well, Citizen!

POPO. *(With a start)* Eh——! What, Monsieur?

BOURIEN. Monsieur? Monsieur? But are you not from Paris?

POPO. Certainly! Most certainly!

BOURIEN. Then do you not know that in Paris we are all Citizens? Or perhaps you are one of those who does not know it yet. There *are* such ignorant fellows, but they are being taught—*(Smacking his lips, voraciously)*—taught with ropes, and pikes, and daggers!

POPO. Ropes? Pikes? Daggers? How unpleasant!

BOURIEN. But instructive—very instructive, eh, Citizen?

POPO. True, instructive—but hardly amusing!

BOURIEN. But improving, Citizen—improving to the mind! *(Coming close and leering)* Perhaps you would like some instruction—I am a very clever teacher!

POPO. Nay, I beg of you, do not disturb yourself —I have a dull mind!

BOURIEN. But with a little help from me——!

POPO. No, no—good Monsieur Citizen, I beg of you, no!

BOURIEN. Bah—will you show no fight?

POPO. Indeed, no!

BOURIEN. Will you not even argue?

POPO. In sooth, no!

BOURIEN. You are a coward!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A poltroon!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A craven!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A rabbit!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A milksop!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A milk-livered sheep!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A chicken-hearted guinea-pig!

POPO. Yes!

BOURIEN. A skulking, sneaking, slinking, yellow cur!

POP. Yes!

BOURIEN. Bah! Bah! *(He turns and walks away.)*

POPO. *(Under his breath)* But I am very beautiful.

BODIER. *(Entering* R.U., *followed by* CLOTILDE

carrying two seven-branched candlesticks, lighted) Come, make haste! Shall our guests starve to death? (CLOTILDE *goes to table with candlesticks.)*

BOURIEN. *(Aside to* BODIER*)* An excellent way to die—but too slow for our purpose! (CLOTILDE *goes out* R.U.*)*

BODIER. Good—you are coming to your senses. I tell you, "klop," over the head, and 'tis done!

BOURIEN. The young one has disappeared—I have looked everywhere. That makes them three—I do not count the popinjay. *(With a gesture toward* POPO.*)*

BODIER. It shall be as they sit at table—the devil first——

BOURIEN. Aye—then that cursed fiddler!

BODIER. De Lussac will not fight, because of the women.

(DIANA *and* CHARLOTTE *appear on the gallery* L.)

BOURIEN. Shhh—here they come. Go warn your good wife. *(He drops up right.* BODIER *goes out* R.U. *During the following scene* MADAME BODIER *enters* R.U.*; prepares the table.)*

(DIANA *and* CHARLOTTE *enter* L. POPO *is overcome with amazement.)*

POPO. Mon Dieu! Diana de Lussac! *(Rushes to her and leads her down the steps)* Most beautiful Diana! Most exquisite Diana! Most dazzling Diana! *(Kissing her hand, then* CHARLOTTE'S*)* And most radiant, most bewitching Charlotte!

DIANA. But *you*—you, here in this wilderness! Oh, Popo, 'tis impossible! 'Tis a dream!

POPO. Nay, I am very solid, I assure you—though quite starved.

CHARLOTTE. But what will the Court do without you?

POPO. The Court? *(With a sweeping bow)* The Court, dear ladies, is here where you are.

DIANA. *(With a deep curtsey)* Most gracious Popo!

CHARLOTTE. *(With a curtsey)* Most precious Popo! *(To* DIANA) That face! Oh, it is like a glass of wine. I am already revived.

DIANA. *(To* POPO) See, you are a skillful physician.

POPO. A trifle, a trifle! It is my nature to revive beautiful damsels.

(Enter DE LUSSAC L.U. *and* TRIGAUD R.)

DIANA. Look, Father—can you believe your eyes?

DE LUSSAC. What, De Boizinois—you here? By what strange chance?

POPO. By my oath, if I am to be shot like a rabbit, I intend to be running like one.

DIANA. Monsieur Trigaud, this is our own beloved Popo, Viscount de Boizinois, the fairest flower of all Versailles.

POPO. Oh, no—no, most shining Diana!

DIANA. Oh, yes—yes, most excellent Popo!

POPO. Well, perhaps—perhaps! But ah, most adored Diana, to find *you* here—what bliss, what rapture, what paradise! To behold once more—— (CLOTILDE *enters* R.U., *bearing a huge trencher.* POPO *sees her; pauses dead)* Ah——! Ah——! *Ah*——!!!! *(He hastens to* CLOTILDE'S *side.* DE LUSSAC *goes out* L.U. TRIGAUD *joins* DIANA *and* CHARLOTTE.) It is Alceste?

CLOTILDE. Oui, Monsieur—it is my little Alceste.

POPO. *(Looking at the trencher)* Most heavenly creature! *(Looking up quickly at* CLOTILDE) Both of you—both of you!

CLOTILDE. *(Very coyly)* Oh, thank you, Monsieur.

POPO. Ah, does he not look sweet?

CLOTILDE. Monsieur also looks sweet—oh, *so* sweet!

POPO. *(With a deprecating gesture)* Tut—tut! That is only what is expected of me.

CLOTILDE. Monsieur is wonderful—Monsieur is beautiful!

POPO. It is nothing—less than nothing! You should see me in purple satin.

CLOTILDE. *(In ecstacy)* Ah, Monsieur!

POPO. Pale, shimmering purple, with silver lace!

CLOTILDE. Ah—Monsieur!

POPO. Or in my yellow silk with embroidered water lilies and plumed rosettes!

CLOTILDE. Ah—*Monsieur!*

POPO. Or my mulberry brocade with emerald arabesques, jet beads, lavender fringe and gold tassels!

CLOTILDE. Monsieur, Monsieur—you are making Alceste jealous.

POPO. *(Contritely)* Ah, no, no! Forgive me, most delectable Alceste.

MADAME BODIER. *(Coming from* R.U. *and behind* CLOTILDE*)* Well, set it down, set it down, cabbage face!

CLOTILDE. Oui, Madame! *(She sets down the trencher, and hurries out* R.U. POPO *sits close to the trencher, his eyes glued on it.)*

DIANA. *(To* TRIGAUD, *in a low voice)* Monsieur —I am frightened. I feel as though eyes were fixed upon me from some hidden place.

TRIGAUD. It is that priest. His eyes glow like coals from the shadow of his hood.

DIANA. *(Shivering)* Someone is watching me—someone whose eyes can pierce these stone walls.

TRIGAUD. Strange, he knew my name—yet I have told no one!

DE LUSSAC. *(Enters* L.U. *hastily and goes to* TRIGAUD. *Quietly)* The horse still stands in the stable, saddled and waiting.

TRIGAUD. He would not have started on foot in this storm.

DE LUSSAC. I fear for him, I fear for him.

DIANA. *(Lowering her voice)* Francois?

DE LUSSAC. Yes—he has disappeared. Do not let Charlotte know.

TRIGAUD. I will search again—— *(He moves to go.)*

DE LUSSAC. No—stay! If there is evil afoot, we must not be separated.

DIANA. Father, this priest—I think he could tell us of Francois.

DE LUSSAC. *(Quickly)* Why? Has he spoken of him?

DIANA. No—but there is mystery there, and I think—danger! *(She lays a trembling hand on his sleeve.)*

DE LUSSAC. I will remember what you say. Let us to the table now, and do not alarm Charlotte. *(They go to the table and sit.* DE LUSSAC *at the head of the table,* DIANA *at his Right,* CHARLOTTE *at his Left,* TRIGAUD *beside* DIANA, POPO *beside* CHARLOTTE. *The seat at the foot of the table is left vacant for the* PRIEST.)

(BODIER *enters* R.U. *and he and* BOURIEN *come together down* R.)

BOURIEN. Where is the devil priest?

BODIER. I bade Nicole seek him. When he comes is the time. I will knife him as he asks the blessing. Get you behind the fiddler and strike as I do.

(The PRIEST *enters* L.U.)

DE LUSSAC. *(Rising)* Ah, good Father, we await you.

THE PRIEST. My apologies, Monsieur, for prolonging your fast. *(He approaches his place at the table. In the meantime* BOURIEN *has gotten behind* TRIGAUD, *and* BODIER *is lurking down* R. *The* PRIEST *raises his hand over the table to bless the food)* Blessed Father, who giveth—— (BODIER *has stealthily moved toward his back. He turns quickly but calmly)* My son——?

BODIER. *(Recoiling from the other's glance)* Yes, holy Father?

THE PRIEST. You wish to go to Heaven?

BODIER. *(Piously crossing himself)* Yes, Father.

THE PRIEST. But would there not be some difficulty in entering the blessed gates if it were marked against you that you had stabbed a priest—and in the back, too?

BODIER. *(Trembling, and stammering)* Yes—yes, Father!

THE PRIEST. Then I will remove the difficulty—I would not have you balked in your pious desire. *(He loosens his priest's robe and throws it aside, revealing himself dressed entirely in black velvet, except for a heavy silver chain of peculiar design, from which is suspended a small box cut from a great ruby-colored stone.* BODIER *cringes back against the wall. The* PRIEST, *whose back has been toward the others, now turns toward them.)*

DE LUSSAC. *(In amazement)* Count Cagliostro!

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Heretofore the* PRIEST*)* Yes, at your service. *(He bows.)*

DE LUSSAC. But——! *(Pauses.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. But I am banished, you would say—there is a price upon my head. All quite true. *(Looks around)* Well, will you sit at table with an outcast from society?

DE LUSSAC. I, for one, welcome you gladly.

DIANA. As do we all, I am sure. (TRIGAUD *and* POPO *bow.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. I thank your courtesy. *(They all sit.* CAGLIOSTRO *claps his hands and calls to* BODIER*)* Come, you clumsy cut-throat—wine! And hark you, beneath this soft velvet lies a coat of Damascus steel, and in this little box—*(Touching the ruby box)*—I carry antidotes for more poisons than you ever dreamed of—so no tricks!

BODIER. Yes—yes, your Reverence—— Nicole, Clotilde, wine, and quickly! *(They all dash around nervously, waiting upon the table.)*

CHARLOTTE. *(To* CAGLIOSTRO*)* Good sir, I burn with curiosity. Was not this banishment laid upon you by the Queen?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes. The noble Queen had bought a necklace and she could not wring enough money from the people to pay for it, and when the necklace was stolen she sought to escape by accusing all her most dangerous enemies.

DE LUSSAC. You were tried and acquitted.

CAGLIOSTRO. And banished! The necklace was never found. Until it be found, my honor lies buried with it.

DE LUSSAC. You still seek it?

CAGLIOSTRO. Constantly!

DE LUSSAC. You seek it here? You followed someone—someone who knew where the necklace was?

CAGLIOSTRO. Someone who came here for a purpose, knowing something!

DE LUSSAC. Count, there are those who say that the necklace was stolen by the Queen herself.

CAGLIOSTRO. There are those who say that I stole it.

DE LUSSAC. Its hiding place must be unknown to you—but if the Queen had sent her trusted messenger to where she knew the gems lay—and you

waited at the crossroads where we found you—— How did you know that he would come? They say Count Cagliostro reads men's minds and sees into the future.

CAGLIOSTRO. At least, I can read their characters and foretell their actions.

DE LUSSAC. *(Quietly and intensely)* Then—then it was my son you awaited?

CAGLIOSTRO. Your son—the young man whose spent horse still galloped along the treacherous road?

DE LUSSAC. Yes, my son—my boy betraying his own people to the black hatred of the Austrian woman.

CAGLIOSTRO. Another victim! You thought your son carried with him that cursed necklace? No, you were wrong. True, it was stolen, but not by the Queen.

CHARLOTTE. Then you know more?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes, I know more—but not enough!

CHARLOTTE. Tell us what you know—I perish with excitement!

CAGLIOSTRO. There was a jeweler named Bossange, of an old and honored firm. It was he who sold the Queen the necklace that was never paid for. When it was stolen, Bossange went in frantic pursuit. He was never heard from again.

DE LUSSAC. That is all?

CAGLIOSTRO. All that is certain. But the necklace was never sold. In my own way I sought the path. In Spain I found a nephew, the only kin of Bossange, a wild, dissolute youth. Him I followed until the invisible cords drew him to this place. *(He pauses.)*

DIANA. Invisible cords? What cords?

CAGLIOSTRO. You have heard that Count Cagliostro works miracles. That is not true. I, alone, can do nothing. But I have a strange power over the minds of others, and I can bid them see things

hidden from view, even things that have not happened.

DE LUSSAC. You mean, you can discover the hiding place of the necklace through his eyes, though he sees nothing?

CAGLIOSTRO. He will see, but will not remember what he sees, for during this time he will be subject to my will. *(Pauses—slowly)* And without me, he can never find the necklace. *(He looks deliberately at* TRIGAUD.)

TRIGAUD. *(Very quietly)* Are you so sure?

CAGLIOSTRO. How else can he find what is so darkly hidden?

TRIGAUD. Who knows? Perchance this fellow was not summoned by your invisible cords, but by a message—a message scribbled on a bit of paper—in blood, for instance!

CAGLIOSTRO. Then I will make that message mine, too.

TRIGAUD. Even against his will?

CAGLIOSTRO. Perhaps!

TRIGAUD. Or perhaps at the point of a sword?

CAGLIOSTRO. Cold steel gains nothing but a stupid corpse, which reveals no secrets. My weapons are more subtle.

TRIGAUD. Weapons! Then you are determined upon this conflict?

CAGLIOSTRO. There is a fortune at stake. I have not always been called scrupulous.

TRIGAUD. And you say this fellow is dissolute, a wastrel? It will be a pretty fight.

CAGLIOSTRO. It will, indeed. *(Quickly changing his mood)* But see, we bore our friends with these obscurities. Shall we not be merry? The world is aflame, the elements are unleashed, and skulking vermin sneak about us, their fingers itching to be at our throats—— What better setting for a revel! *(He pushes back his chair and rises. There is a crash*

of thunder. For a few moments the storm is again in evidence, working up until the entrance of GAVROCHE, *and then gradually subsiding)* Listen—Jove himself commends my plan. What entertainment have we? *(He turns to* TRIGAUD*)* You Monsieur fiddler, shall make gay music, and the ladies shall dance! Eh, Mademoiselle Diana?

DIANA. Nay, I beg you excuse me. But Charlotte shall dance for you, and with the most renowned partner in all France.

CAGLIOSTRO. Truly, and who is that?

POPO. *(Haughtily)* Need it be asked? *(Rising and holding out his hand to* CHARLOTTE. BODIER, NICOLE *and* CLOTILDE *have quickly cleared away the less aesthetic portions of the meal)* Come, Charlotte —we shall astound them!

(TRIGAUD *begins to play. They dance a stately court dance, which must not last more than a moment. The music should be quaint and archaic, and of a distinctly fragmentary nature, so that the dance appears natural and not obviously interpolated.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Lifting his glass, and speaking through the final bars of the music)*

"A lovely face, a form divine,
A dainty grace—ah, rapture mine!
A sparkling eye, with dazzling glances,
And as I sigh, enchantment dances!"

(The dance comes to an end.)

Bravo, bravo! *(The others applaud.)*

POPO. *(Strutting away)* It is nothing—less than nothing!

CLOTILDE. *(In ecstacy)* Oh, Monsieur—now I know what the angels are like.

POPO. Tut—tut! A poor imitation!

CLOTILDE. I'm sure they are. Oh, Monsieur, I pray you dance again.

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes, dance again. *(There is a loud crash of thunder, and the wind and rain screech.)* Let us defy old Mother Nature with our revelry. *(To* TRIGAUD*)* Begin, Monsieur Trigaud!

(TRIGAUD *strikes the strings with his bow, and* POPO *and* CHARLOTTE *clasp hands. There is a terrific crash of thunder. As it dies away there comes a loud, ponderous knock at the* L.U. *door, three times, then repeated three times. They all pause.)*

DE LUSSAC. Well, will you not open the door?

BODIER. It is late—and this is a lonely spot—there are robbers abroad——

CAGLIOSTRO. And at home! Have no fear—this person is alone.

BODIER. How do you know?

CAGLIOSTRO. I have told you, I know everything. Open the door.

(BODIER *opens the door.* CITIZEN GAVROCHE *stalks in.* GAVROCHE *is tall, lean, cadaverous, with huge bony hands and misshapen, cordlike muscles showing through the holes of his tattered clothing. In his eyes burns the red light of fanatical hatred, the vicious class hatred born of under-nourishment and bitter cold nights.)*

GAVROCHE. *(Reaching a commanding position, pausing and looking around—folds his arms and gives a fierce, mocking leer)* So—I have reached Versailles sooner than I expected.

POPO. I beg of you—no more compliments.

GAVROCHE. *(Twisting his face with a horrid laugh)* Compliments! Ha! Yes, I have walked these weary miles to pay compliments! And how I shall

pay them—*ah! (He claps his hands, grinding the palms together, and turns a sinister gaze on* CHARLOTTE*)* Especially to the fine ladies!

CHARLOTTE. *(Coldly, moving away)* Thank you, Monsieur!

GAVROCHE. *(With an insolent bow)* Pray you, do not mention it. *(Looking around, defiantly)* Well, then—am I so unwelcome at the Court that no one embraces me, or offers me a glass of wine? That is sorry treatment, after the long road I have travelled bringing to the court—*my message.*

DE LUSSAC. *(Coming forward with a glass of wine. Quietly)* I doubt that your message is one of love, but at least I meet it with what hospitality I can offer.

GAVROCHE. *(Taking the glass—venomously)* Love! Yes—love! *(Dashes the wine on the floor; raises the glass as though to smash it. Pauses)* Nay—I will not break the glass—in some countries that is held an honorable toast—and who am I to give a toast to so fine a company as this? *(Suddenly striding to the table and pouring out a glass of wine; turning to them all)* But you shall have a toast—by God and his brother, the Devil, you shall have a toast! *(Raising the glass)* To the night—and figures in the darkness—and the flashing of knives and the thud of clubs—and cries and screams, muffled and strangled—and blood—rivers of blood—blue blood, turned red—and cold—and sticky! *(He drains the glass, then smashes it on the floor. No one moves.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(After a moment)* You are a bold fellow. I have seen your comrades in Paris, and they will welcome you as a brother. *(Stepping toward him, with masterful self-possession and calm)* Come, let us grant that we are enemies—that you hate us, because we are aristocrats, and have oppressed you——

GAVROCHE. *(Triumphantly)* Ah—you *admit* it!

CAGLIOSTRO. *(With quick fire)* Yes, we have oppressed you—just as you will oppress us, when you have the power. That will be tomorrow, or in a hundred years—who knows? *You* think it is now, tonight, and are eager to start letting blood. Well, perhaps you are right. Shall we see? *(Turning. In a commanding voice to* BODIER*)* Come hither, mine host! And you, too, blusterer! *(The last to* BOURIEN. BOURIEN *and* BODIER *come forward cautiously.* CAGLIOSTRO *eyes* NICOLE *for a moment)* And *you,* Madame wife—your fingers look as though they would know what to do with a slip-noose. *(*MADAME BODIER *slinks forward, scowling.* CAGLIOSTRO *turns to* GAVROCHE*)* Here, my friend, are allies—their hearts and hands are willing, they need but a leader. If you join forces, you are four, and we—er—— *(With a glance at* POPO*)* —three, at least! *(He stretches out his hands, palms upward, as though inviting attack)* If you strike suddenly, and with a will—— *(He shrugs his shoulders)* Well, what say you? Come, I will show you where the odds are even greater—we are entirely unarmed. The only weapon among us is yonder fiddle. *(Fixing a burning gaze on* GAVROCHE*)* And still you hesitate?

GAVROCHE. *(Furiously snatching out an ugly dagger)* Nay——!

BODIER. *(Seizing his arm)* Stop, stop! Be careful! *(In trembling tones)* He is a sorcerer, I tell you, a devil—he will strike us all dead with hell's lightning if you touch him.

GAVROCHE. Fool, to believe such old wives' tales. *(Wresting his arm from* BODIER'S *grasp)* If he can strike quicker than I, let him strike! *(He springs toward* CAGLIOSTRO, *the blade raised to strike.* CAGLIOSTRO *does not change position, but the hand nearest* GAVROCHE *sharply darts upward toward him, the*

fingers extended fanwise. GAVROCHE *gives a terrible cry of pain, and the dagger falls to the floor. He staggers back, clasping his right hand under his left armpit as though nursing an excruciating wound.)*

BODIER. What did I tell you? Now you have a broken arm for your pains. *(He stoops to pick up the dagger.* GAVROCHE *cries out.)*

GAVROCHE. Do not touch it! It is white hot—I am burned to the bone! (BODIER *retreats.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Laughs)* Only in your imagination —but that is very fertile. Nay, pick it up, mine good host—it is quite cold and harmless. (ALL *stand motionless.)* You do not believe me? Ah, that is the trouble with all great imaginations—they believe the impossible, but suspect the truth!

(BODIER, GAVROCHE *and* BOURIEN *are grouped together back stage.* MADAME BODIER *has gotten near the door, beside* CLOTILDE. *With a sudden movement* CAGLIOSTRO *stoops and picks up the dagger, and holds it out to* GAVROCHE. *Panic seizes the three of them, and they scramble pell-mell out of the room* R.U., *followed by* MADAME BODIER *and* CLOTILDE. CAGLIOSTRO *laughs, and throws the dagger onto the table, where it sticks upright.)*

DIANA. So you are in truth a sorcerer?

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Shaking his head)* There is no sorcery, Mademoiselle, save that such as lies in your fair eyes. Oh, there are tricks—I know secrets of alchemy that will astound and terrify the unsuspecting. And I, too, have a power in my eye that makes men believe what I would have them believe.

CHARLOTTE. Then make me believe that I will sleep tonight, for I am terrified at this gloomy place.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Pauses for a moment, then walks slowly to her; halts about three feet away, and looks*

fixedly at her. Speaks quietly but intensely) You will sleep, my child.

CHARLOTTE. *(Tries to meet his gaze, falters, and turns her head away quickly, covering her eyes with her hand)* Oh—do not look at me so. *(Turning to* DIANA *and clinging to her)* Sister, I am frightened —take me away. (CAGLIOSTRO *nods reassuringly, and motions toward the stairs.)*

DIANA. *(Leading* CHARLOTTE *away)* Good night, Father.

DE LUSSAC. Good night. God rest you.

DIANA. *(To* TRIGAUD, *aside—he is near the steps)* Good night, Monsieur—your music has given me happiness, and your words, courage. Good night. *(He bends over her hand. She leads* CHARLOTTE *out* L.*)*

POPO. *(Approaching* CAGLIOSTRO *a bit patronizingly)* I beg you, tell me—do you perform magical feats with cards? I have a pack here. *(He produces a pack of cards.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. I can fairly bewitch them, Monsieur.

POPO. Then I pray you, do so. *(Holds out the cards.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. I *have* done so, already. Look at them—you will find them all changed to sixes and sevens.

POPO. *(Examining the cards)* Nay—they are as before.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(With pretended chagrin)* Ah—alack, then I am thwarted because your will is more powerful than mine, and I cannot make you do my bidding.

POPO. *(Looking at the dagger sticking in the table)* Hmmmm—well, perhaps I should be satisfied! *(He struts out* L.*)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(After a moment, gravely)* My friends, we are in very great danger.

DE LUSSAC. From these ruffians? But you cow

them with a glance—a gesture and they fly in terror.

CAGLIOSTRO. Only to return, the more venomous for their humiliation. Hatred is the strongest of poisons. Enough of it will make mad tigers even of these mangey rabbits. *(To* DE LUSSAC*)* You know, Monsieur—you have come from Paris.

DE LUSSAC. Yes, Paris is a shambles—assassins run through the darkened streets, shouting words they do not understand, but striking to right and left.

CAGLIOSTRO. This fellow I have so frightened has the blood lust. He can think only of his wrongs and his empty belly. When he has filled that with cognac he will come back and cut our throats.

TRIGAUD. We can still fight. The odds are not too great.

CAGLIOSTRO. There will be others. These patriots spring from every bush when there's butchering to be done.

TRIGAUD. Good! Let us go now and make short work of them.

CAGLIOSTRO. And then, with the common enemy out of the way, we can turn on each other, eh?

TRIGAUD. *(With a diffident shrug)* Why?

CAGLIOSTRO. We reach for the same thing—one of us must fail.

TRIGAUD. I reach for what is rightfully mine.

CAGLIOSTRO. And I for my honor, which was stolen from me.

TRIGAUD. How can the possession of my uncle's necklace redeem your honor?

CAGLIOSTRO. I shall take it to the King and demand that he proclaim my pardon to the world.

TRIGAUD. Tomorrow there may be no King.

CAGLIOSTRO. Someone will rule in his place.

TRIGAUD. You will not trust me to prove your innocence?

"The Black Flamingo"

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CAGLIOSTRO. I trust no man with a fortune like that in his hands.

TRIGAUD. Then it is war between us?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes—war!

(They eye each other coldly.)

DE LUSSAC. *(Quietly)* But what of me? What of my daughters? I fear I have already lost a son who would have stood at my side. Must we also suffer because of this Queen's necklace?

CAGLIOSTRO. I will pledge your safety—on my honor as a gentleman.

TRIGAUD. And I, on my honor as a scoundrel! You are well protected.

DE LUSSAC. Our peril is very real, Monsieur. It is not kind to jest.

TRIGAUD. You cannot know how far I am from jesting.

DE LUSSAC. I suspect. You love my daughter?

TRIGAUD. Yes. Effrontery, is it not?

DE LUSSAC. I do not think so. Already your gallantry towards my son has gained you rights. Only a fool would deny you further opportunity.

TRIGAUD. My arm is strong. It is sworn to your defense against—*(Looking at* CAGLIOSTRO*)*—anyone!

(There is an ominous pause.)

DE LUSSAC. I fear, Count, that we must be in opposite camps.

CAGLIOSTRO. It has always been my fate to be in the enemy camp where a woman was involved. Well, even so, I have not always lost. *(To* TRIGAUD*)* You will find my wits as sharp as your sword.

TRIGAUD. I have no sword—but that does not spoil the poetry of your metaphor. For the rest, I

may find a wit or so hidden away somewhere. *(To* DE LUSSAC*)* Monsieur, let us seek rest. It will take time, for one must watch while the other sleeps.

DE LUSSAC. First come with me to the stables. If my son's horse be still there—well, then I will give up hope. *(He and* TRIGAUD *go out* L.U.*)*

(CAGLIOSTRO *furrows his brow in a black frown. Turns and takes a few steps backward, looking up at the shadow of the Flamingo. Strikes his hands together, and goes quickly to the walled-up door at Right of fireplace. Taps it rapidly and scratches at the plaster. He pauses; listens; crosses quickly to tower door down Right, enters and goes up steps until he can be seen through first window. Waits.* GAVROCHE, BODIER *and* BOURIEN *enter* R.U. *They have been drinking, but not to the point of drunkenness.)*

GAVROCHE. *(Contemptuously)* Have you no hearts? No spines? No guts?

BODIER. I have a nice respect for my health.

GAVROCHE. But they are aristocrats, tyrants—and at our mercy! We can slay them like rabbits.

BOURIEN. That's well enough—as far as it goes. I'm for a good killing with the best of you. But there's a fortune to be got, gold, I tell you, millions in gold—if we wait.

GAVROCHE. Wait! Wait! Mon Dieu, I have waited a lifetime of Hell to feel their hot flesh crush in my fingers.

BODIER. Very well, very well—have your sport if you will, but not until the loot is in our pockets. I, too, have waited long.

(There is a fierce wail from the chimney.)

GAVROCHE. What's that?

BODIER. An aristocrat, Citizen Gavroche. *(He cackles horribly)* Don't you want to cut his heart out? He lives up the chimney—you only have to climb a bit.

(The laughing wail sounds again.)

GAVROCHE. It is one of the women crying.

BOURIEN. Go comfort her—you will like her caresses. *(He feels of his throat.)*

BODIER. *(In a low voice)* That is the guardian of the treasure we seek.

GAVROCHE. What treasure? Where?

BODIER. Somewhere, there—in that fireplace.

GAVROCHE. Treasure, in a fireplace? Bah—your brains have turned sour from thinking of money.

BOURIEN. If there is naught hidden there, why is a foul fiend set to watch over it?

(CAGLIOSTRO *leans forward, listening.)*

GAVROCHE. What, you, too, muttering over spectres? Blood of the saints, but you are two bold companions! Bah—mongrels! *(He spits at them)* I will go back to village I left at nightfall—there will I find brothers who will come spill these noble lives with me. *(He strides to the door* L.U. *and turns)* Stay moaning and whining with your sick ghost—I will come back with an army of pitchforks and spit the lot of you. *(He turns to the door* L.U. *It opens and* DE LUSSAC *and* TRIGAUD *enter.* GAVROCHE *leers and steps aside with a mocking bow)* Your humble pardons, my lords—I step aside while you pass! I am but going, most noble gentlemen. I am not worthy to sleep under the same roof—so I go to sleep in the wet fields with the toads, or in the slime of the swamps with the snakes and frogs—but beware, gracious and honored sirs—I might walk in

my sleep! Ha, ha, ha, ha——! *(With a terrible laugh he goes out* L.U., *shutting the door.)*

TRIGAUD. *(To* BODIER*)* Well, mine host—what lies behind this departure?

BODIER. I do not know.

TRIGAUD. No? *(Steps quickly to him, twisting his arm suddenly so he cries with pain, then sends him spinning to the floor) Now* do you know?

BODIER. Yes—he goes to a nearby village to seek aid. He will tell them tales, and he will come back, and *sktchhh! (He makes the motion of whipping a knife across his throat.)*

DE LUSSAC. Then we must press on to the border. I will call the others.

BODIER. Nay—you can go only back towards Paris. The village lies to the north and you would meet them.

DE LUSSAC. *(Quietly)* Then we are lost.

TRIGAUD. No—wait! *(To* BODIER *and* BOURIEN*)* Come, now—*you* are no revolutionists, eh? Just honest thieves and murderers!

BOURIEN. Fairly spoken! We are as honest as the next man, if we get what we want.

TRIGAUD. And what you want is gold? Gold and jewels!

BODIER. *(Rubbing his hands)* Yes, yes!

TRIGAUD. Well, supposing you could gain these, not by villainy, but by loyalty and keeping faith,—what then?

BOURIEN. Why, nom de Dieu, that would be easier, and safer—though not such good sport.

TRIGAUD. But quicker, and surer—for after we have the treasure, and divide it—mind you, I say divide it, share and share alike—we make our escape together over the border, or to England, where there is none of this noise about Citizens and equality. Why, these dogs of the revolution would never let you keep your spoil—equality, sharing with

everyone, no riches, no fortunes—that is their cry! With gold and jewels in your hands will you want to share them with every beggar because he is your brother?

BOURIEN. By the saints, no. Why, that's downright piracy.

TRIGAUD. Then you will band together with us?

BODIER. Perhaps!— Perhaps! But first you must be honest with us, and tell whence this fortune is to come.

TRIGAUD. *(Significantly) I think you know already.*

BODIER. *(Frightened)* What do you mean?

TRIGAUD. A half crazed beggar with a scar under his left eye—*what did he tell you?*

BODIER. *(In a whisper)* "On the road to Vienne Le Chateau—The Black Flamingo."

TRIGAUD. *(Coming close to him)* What else have you found out?

BODIER. Nothing—I swear to you, nothing——!

TRIGAUD. No lies—I warn you!

BODIER. I speak the truth—I have searched everywhere—I have tried——

(There is a piercing, terrifying scream from far up in the gallery, somewhere back of the chimney.)

DE LUSSAC. My daughters! Quick, to their rescue——! *(He springs up the steps Left,* TRIGAUD *following.)*

BOURIEN. *(To* BODIER*)* It is Gavroche!

BODIER. Nay—it is *him! (Points to the chimney.)*

(CHARLOTTE *comes rushing out on the gallery, terrified and exhausted. She meets her father and* TRIGAUD, *who support her down the steps.* DIANA *and* POPO *follow.* MADAME BODIER *and* CLOTILDE *enter from* R.U.*)*

DE LUSSAC. What is it, my child? Speak, speak!

CHARLOTTE. *(Breathless and hysterical)* It was Francois—I hear him gasping and calling for help—oh!

DE LUSSAC. Where? Where did you hear him?

CHARLOTTE. At my side—in the darkness!

DE LUSSAC. While you slept?

CHARLOTTE. Nay—I was frightened—I came to seek you—and in the corridor as I passed I heard him.

DE LUSSAC. Then he lives—we must find him.

CHARLOTTE. I do not think he lives! His voice came as from a great distance—like a spirit.

DE LUSSAC. You were terrified, it was dark, he is held captive here, and we must find him! Come, I beg of you! *(He starts toward the steps* L.*)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Entering down Right)* Wait! (DE LUSSAC *pauses. They all turn.)* A voice sounding from a great distance might well come through a stone wall. Are you prepared to tear down this whole castle in your search?

DE LUSSAC. At any cost, I must find my son.

CAGLIOSTRO. Armed men are coming. Have you forgotten that?

DE LUSSAC. You are right.

CAGLIOSTRO. But you must find your son.

DE LUSSAC. Yes, yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. I will find him, but you must not question what I do.

DE LUSSAC. Do as you will.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(To* DIANA*)* I will need your aid. Will you give it?

DIANA. I will give my life, if need be.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(To* DE LUSSAC*)* You will not interfere?

DE LUSSAC. I swear it.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Quickly, to* BODIER*)* Fetch me a bowl of clear water—a crystal bowl, if you have it.

Quickly! (BODIER *hurries out* R.U. CAGLIOSTRO *places the biggest chair at the lower end of the table facing it, and three-quarters toward the audience. Brings the candles to a group on that end of the table. Turns to* DIANA) Sit here, Mademoiselle. (DIANA *sits in the chair.*) Loosen your gown at the throat. (DIANA *opens the gown at her throat.* BODIER *enters* R.U. *with a glass bowl of water.*) Place it here, mine host. (BODIER *places the bowl.* CAGLIOSTRO *goes to the door* L.U. *and bolts it. Returns and stands facing* DIANA) Now, Mademoiselle—are you ready?

DIANA. Yes, Monsieur.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(To the others)* Then I beg of you all—silence, whatever may happen or whatever may be said. *(They group themselves behind and to the Left of the table.* CAGLIOSTRO *stands facing* DIANA. BODIER *and* BOURIER *watch from down Right.)* Now, Mademoiselle—give me your hands. *(She holds out her hands. He takes them in his, and holds them for a few minutes, the while looking at her intently. Then places her left hand over her right hand, in his left hand, and with his right hand gently but insistently strokes her hands and wrists, passing his hand occasionally over her forearm. He lifts her left hand, and lets it go. It remains suspended. He replaces it, and continues the stroking motion. Tries again, and this time the hand falls limp. He lets her hands fall in her lap. Very lightly rubs his fingers over her temples with a circular motion. Her head falls back against the back of the chair, and she breathes slowly and regularly.)* You sleep?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. But you can see?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. You will do my bidding?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. Gaze into this crystal pool. *(He*

points to the bowl of water. She slowly raises her hand. The eyes are closed, but she leans forward as though looking fixedly.) What do you see?

DIANA. Light.

CAGLIOSTRO. What color?

DIANA. Red.

CAGLIOSTRO. Do not look for red—that is death.

DIANA. But I see only red—dull, ugly red!

CAGLIOSTRO. Then look away. *(She turns her head. He stirs the water with his finger)* Now look.

DIANA. It is all moving and confused.

CAGLIOSTRO. Think of someone you would like to see.

DIANA. Yes, yes—— *(She bends forward eagerly. After a moment shakes her head)* There are many faces there, but they are all blank and featureless.

CAGLIOSTRO. Shall I help you?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. Look for your brother.

DIANA. *(Eagerly)* Ah—yes, yes. *(She leans forward again)* See—he is there—ah! *(She utters a sharp cry of pain)* Look—he is suffering—he is so pale, and his eyes stare so—and again I see the red light—— Ah, Francois, Francois——! *(She springs to her feet. There is a tense silence.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. Ask him if he needs help.

DIANA. Francois—what is the matter—you need me—you are in pain? See, I am here—it is Diana. *(She pauses—speaks in a hushed voice)* He does not answer—his face is so white! Why does he not move—his shoulders are all hunched—and that terrible red light—— *(In a frantic voice)* Francois—Francois! Answer me—it is Diana—why do you not speak?—What is the matter?—Let me help you—— Speak, answer me—— Ah, Francois, you are torturing me—— Francois, speak, speak—I am here—Francois, Francois——!! *(Her voice is pitched to*

the point of hysteria. CAGLIOSTRO *bends quickly forward and plunges his hand into the water, stirring it vigorously. At once she is calm, stands erect, with her hands crossed over her bosom, and breathing heavily.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. You still sleep?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. What do you remember?

DIANA. Nothing.

CAGLIOSTRO. If I command you, you will obey?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. Is there someone in this room invisible to human eyes?

DIANA. I see no one.

CAGLIOSTRO. Look again. *(He raises his left hand in a commanding gesture to the level of her eyes, the fingers extended.)*

DIANA. Yes, there is someone here.

CAGLIOSTRO. Do you know who it is?

DIANA. I cannot see the face.

CAGLIOSTRO. Look closer. *(He passes his hand back and forth before her eyes.)*

DIANA. I cannot see—but I think it is my brother.

CAGLIOSTRO. What does he do?

DIANA. He beckons to me.

CAGLIOSTRO. Will you follow him?

DIANA. Why not?

CAGLIOSTRO. You are not afraid?

DIANA. Why should I be?

CAGLIOSTRO. He still beckons?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. Follow him. *(She takes a few faltering steps into the middle of the room.)*

DE L'USSAC. *(Suddenly)* Nay—do not let her—!

CAGLIOSTRO. *(With a commanding gesture)* Shhh! *(Turns to* DIANA*)* Go on.

DIANA. I do not see him now.

CAGLIOSTRO. Look. *(He raises his hand, the fingers extended.)*

DIANA. He is there, but very far away.

CAGLIOSTRO. Summon him nearer.

DIANA. Francois, Francois——!

CAGLIOSTRO. He comes?

DIANA. Yes—now he is there—he beckons again—
(WARN Curtain.)

CAGLIOSTRO. Follow him! *(She goes a few steps further; turns toward the fireplace; takes a few steps, then hesitates and draws back.)*

DIANA. No——!

CAGLIOSTRO. Follow him. *(She moves forward. Again, after a few steps, she recoils, this time with a shudder.)*

DIANA. Ah—no, no!

CAGLIOSTRO. *Follow him! (She gets to within a few paces of the fireplace, but only with a tremendous effort, then halts, her hands clenched and her body writhing as though in pain.)* Go on. *Go on. (Forcing herself to every step, she moves slowly forward; finally she is beside the chimney. With an agonized effort she takes another step forward, and almost falls; she puts out her hand to support herself against the chimney. As she does so there is a terrified gasp and cry from the others as the body of* FRANCOIS *falls with a dull thud at her feet.)*

DE LUSSAC. Francois——!

DIANA. *Ah——! (She utters a piercing scream and turns away, her body rigid.)*

FRANCOIS. *(Staggers to his feet and reels forward into* DE LUSSAC'S *arms)* Father—Father! *(He faints as* DE LUSSAC *catches him.)*

CURTAIN

ACT III

A few minutes later.

FRANCOIS *lies on the table.* CAGLIOSTRO *is leaning over him, holding a slender vial to his lips.* DE LUSSAC *stands to one side.* POPO *is seated some distance away. The others have disappeared.*

DE LUSSAC. He lives?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes.

DE LUSSAC. With your art of healing——

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes, with my art of healing there is no danger.

DE LUSSAC. Will he speak soon?

CAGLIOSTRO. After he has slept a little. Carry him to his room.

DE LUSSAC. Yes, yes! *(He lifts* FRANCIOS *in his arms and starts down Right.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. Your daughter—what of her?

DE LUSSAC. Diana? She is much shaken and pale. When I led her to her room she seemed to fall into a slumber.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(With satisfaction)* Ah!

DE LUSSAC. Why do you ask? Do you fear this shock might——

CAGLIOSTRO. No, I ask—well, as a physician. Lead the way.

(DE LUSSAC *goes out through tower door down Left.* CAGLIOSTRO *is about to follow.* POPO *rises and hurries across stage.)*

POPO. Ah, Monsieur—most magical Monsieur—most marvelous Monsieur—most extraordinary Monsieur—— (CAGLIOSTRO *pauses.)* Most unearthly, most uncanny Monsieur—I crave a few words with you, Monsieur!

CAGLIOSTRO. Words? What sort of words?

POPO. Secret words, Monsieur—dark and secret words!

CAGLIOSTRO. On what matter?

POPO. Necromancy, Monsieur—that strange thing that you do to people when you make them sleep and obey you! I, too, would learn how to cause this slumber—there is one I should like to make obey me.

CAGLIOSTRO. And you think I will teach you my secret?

POPO. Why not, Monsieur? You do not wish this person to obey you.

CAGLIOSTRO. And what will you make this person do?

POPO. My bidding!

CAGLIOSTRO. A fair desire, and most human.

POPO. Oh, certainly—I would not deprive you of this power.

CAGLIOSTRO. Then know, Monsieur, that it is all in the eye—the mighty glance, the piercing ray, the commanding look—all you must do is fix your gaze upon your victim, compel him with a mighty glare, let the full current of your inner self flow forth and bind him with magnetic fetters until he is your willing, trembling slave! *(With a shrug)* It is very simple, Monsieur.

POPO. Yes—yes—is it not?

CAGLIOSTRO. Only, good Monsieur—be grateful. Do not, I beg of you, ever use the terrible power against *me.*

POPO. Oh, no—no, Monsieur—I promise it, on the honor of a Boizinois!

CAGLIOSTRO. Oh, most gracious Monsieur—I

thank you! *(He bows very low. Crosses down Right. Bows low again)* I shall sleep in peace. *(He goes up the tower steps* L.*)*

(POPO *rehearses to himself the mechanics of the mighty glance and the commanding look, including the gestures of the hand with fingers extended, used by* CAGLIOSTRO, *and a few calisthenics of his own invention.* CLOTILDE *enters at* R.U.*)*

POPO. *(Seeing her; with a cunning leer)* Ah—ha!

CLOTILDE. *(Running to him)* Monsieur Popo!

POPO. *(In a commanding voice)* Girl—give me your hands.

CLOTILDE. Oh, yes, sweet Monsieur. *(Gives him her hands, coyly)* Are you going to kiss them again, Monsieur? And the elbow—are you going to kiss the elbow?

POPO. *(Dropping her hands in disgust)* Nay, nay, do not be so hasty. You are too soon—you do not sleep yet!

CLOTILDE. Sleep? Sleep? *(In delighted embarrassment)* Monsieur speaks of sleeping? Oh, *Monsieur!*

POPO. Truly—but not until I command you!

CLOTILDE. No, no—of course not! But command me, Monsieur—command me! *(She clasps her hands in rapture.)*

POPO. In due time—in due time!

CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur—but do not let it be too long.

POPO. Time is nothing. Space is nothing. But my eye—girl, do you see my eye? Do you see the compelling gaze it fastens upon you? Do you feel the magnetic lightning envelope you as my eye transfixes you?

CLOTILDE. It is such a lovely, pale blue eye.

POPO. Bah—I speak not of its color, but of what lies within it.

CLOTILDE. Oh, true, Monsieur—it is a little watery. Perhaps Monsieur has a cinder in it?

POPO. Nay—I mean its glance, its piercing ray. Does it not make your blood run cold?

CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur—you would not have my blood run cold when I am with you?

POPO. My good girl, your behavior is most unseemly. Unless you manage to be a little more terrified at my ferocious looks, I shall really have to give up trying to ravish you.

POPO. *(In ecstasy)* Oh, Monsieur—Monsieur wishes to ravish me?

POPO. Well, after a fashion—yes.

CLOTILDE. Oh, but why did Monsieur not say so?

POPO. *(Pompously)* *That* is one of those things that one does not discuss.

CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur—but I might never have known.

POPO. Well, that would not have mattered.

CLOTILDE. Oh, but it would have mattered—for then I would not know that I dared give myself to Monsieur.

POPO. *(Petulantly)* But zounds, girl, I do not wish you to give yourself to me—I wish to conquer you.

CLOTILDE. But Monsieur *has* conquered me—Monsieur has conquered me by his sweet disposition.

POPO. But that is not the way I would conquer you—I would conquer you cruelly, brutally, savagely!

CLOTILDE. Nay—be satisfied that your gentleness has won me.

POPO. *(Fretfully)* No—I will be ruthless or nothing.

CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur—can I do nothing?

POPO. Yes—you can be a little frightened.
CLOTILDE. At what, Monsieur?
POPO. Nom de Dieu—at *me!*
CLOTILDE. But that is asking too much.
POPO. Then I will not ravish you.
CLOTILDE. Oh, Monsieur!
POPO. No—I will not.
CLOTILDE. *(Imploring)* Oh—*Monsieur!*
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. But, Monsieur——!
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. Relent, Monsieur.
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. Have pity, Monsieur.
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. But, Monsieur——!
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. But if Monsieur will only listen——!
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. But if Monsieur would let me——!
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. There is another——!
POPO. No.
CLOTILDE. —another little pig—— *(A dead pause.)*
POPO. Ah——?
CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur—a little white pig.
POPO. White—how symbolic!
CLOTILDE. And her name——
POPO. *Her* name——?
CLOTILDE. Yes, Monsieur—her name is Lucrece.
POPO. Still more symbolical——
CLOTILDE. She is so little and tender.
POPO. Ah!
CLOTILDE. With blue eyes just like Monsieur's!
POPO. What exquisite sentiment.
CLOTILDE. And I shall roast her in chicken fat.
POPO. A rhapsody!

CLOTILDE. With raisins and little onions!

POPO. A symphony!

CLOTILDE. And croquettes of turkey livers!

POPO. A lullaby!

CLOTILDE. And truffle pates with walnuts!

POPO. A concerto!

CLOTILDE. And artichokes garnished with apricot jam!

POPO. A nocturne!

CLOTILDE. And figs and pineapples soaked in Burgundy!

POPO. An allegro! Oh, beauteous maid, prepare the nuptial chamber.

CLOTILDE. You yield?

POPO. I am but human.

CLOTILDE. Monsieur will ravish me?

POPO. After I have attended to Lucrece.

CLOTILDE. Ah, Monsieur—it will seem centuries —I can hardly wait.

POPO. That is very flattering—but do not let Lucrece be underdone.

CLOTILDE. She shall roast till the flesh melts, Monsieur.

POPO. Oh, blissful thought! Hasten, fair damsel—hasten to the sacrifice.

CLOTILDE. I fly, Monsieur—I fly. *(She rushes out* R.U.*)*

POPO. Oh, fatal fascination! But what a prize! Lucrece—a beautiful name! I shall make a poem— *(He starts up the stairs Left)*

"Lovely Lucrece, thy silken fleece, thy dovelike pale blue eye!
Oh, sweet caprice, a form obese, a princess of the sty!
(As he reaches the head of the stairs BODIER *and* BOURIEN *enter* R.U.*)*
O dulcet swine, for thee I pine——"
(He goes out, beating time with his hand.)

BODIER. What does the popinjay?

BOURIEN. Mayhap what he has seen has addled his head.

BODIER. Small blame for that—I am still all sick about the knees.

BOURIEN. Come, courage, you slack-spined weasel. We have men's work to do.

BODIER. Ugh—I tell you, it's madness. I should have poisoned the wine.

BOURIEN. Bah—you earthworm! If we do not get out of this with a quart of jewels apiece, I will let you beat me with my own sword.

BODIER. Aye—but beating a dead body's no fun, especially if you're dead yourself. *(There is a screech from the chimney)* Yes, and that squealing spectre will dance on our mouldy bodies.

BOURIEN. Well, we will not be alone. May I get a double roasting in Hell if I reach there without that devil priest by my side.

(The door L.U. *swings open and* TRIGAUD *enters quickly.)*

TRIGAUD. Citizen Gavroche has found his army—I can hear the murmur of drunken men over the hill. There is no time to lose—go saddle the horses.

BODIER. But perhaps it would be better——

TRIGAUD. Do as I say—and quickly! *(He points through the door.* BODIER *and* BOURIEN *go out* L.U.*)*

(TRIGAUD *watches till they are gone, then steps into the shadow of the door* L.U. *and lifts a great sledge-hammer, which he carries into the room. He closes the door, then takes the sledge-hammer Center, and with a few blows shatters the cement which holds the walled-up door in the fireplace tower in place, and wrenches the door open. As he does so* CAGLIOSTRO *and* DE LUSSAC *enter from tower* L.*)*

CAGLIOSTRO. So—you would steal a march upon me, eh, Monsieur?

TRIGAUD. Did you not try to do the same?

CAGLIOSTRO. When?

TRIGAUD. When, under the pretense of seeking Monsieur's son, you used his daughter's eyes to probe the secret of this chimney. You thought no one would know? Your wisdom is less than I thought.

CAGLIOSTRO. A lame challenge, fiddler! My quest for the boy succeeded.

TRIGAUD. *(Quickly)* Ah—then since success has crowned your efforts you have no further interest here—so let *me* try for my goal.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Scowling)* You are as tricky in speech as in actions, Monsieur.

TRIGAUD. Ho—the master charlatan objects to tricks.

CAGLIOSTRO. I am no charlatan. *(To* DE LUSSAC*)* Monsieur, I have given you back your son—do I deserve these insults?

DE LUSSAC. No—I owe his life to you. *(To* TRIGAUD*)* My son was restored to me, as though by divine magic. Until you match this exploit, Monsieur, you have lost the race.

TRIGAUD. Then give me my chance. I only seek fortune that I may use it to further the escape of you and your children. *(Goes quickly to door* L.U.; *opens it)* Listen! Do you not hear an angry murmur beyond the hill? It is Citizen Gavroche and his mad dogs coming to sacrifice you to liberty and brotherhood. The horses are saddled—we can fly at once—but how far would we get without gold to purchase our freedom? Give me my chance, I say.

DE LUSSAC. Yes, that is your right. *(To* CAGLIOSTRO*)* Let him try what he wills.

CAGLIOSTRO. So be it. *(He crosses down Right and sits.)*

(TRIGAUD *closes the* L.U. *door. Crosses quickly to walled-up door; throws it fully open. Get his violin. In the distance the humming growl of drunken, insane men gradually becomes louder.* TRIGAUD *starts to play. It is a weird, highly rhythmed tune, of peasant origin, which must after a moment plainly appear as the melody hideously paraphrased by the violin up the chimney. During the playing the noise of the approaching mob must swell perceptibly.* DE LUSSAC *suddenly starts as though he heard something extraordinary, bending his head forward as though listening. A moment later a stone comes rattling down the steps of the tower in the chimney and* CAGLIOSTRO *rises quickly to his feet. The sound of the mob increases. At last a horrible, inhuman object emerges from the opening. A bent, withered old man, stark mad, hardly a shred of clothing on him, his hair and beard long and unkempt, his thin arms clasping a broken and battered violin to his bosom. He crawls trembling into the room, shading his bleary eyes from the light, groping in the direction of the music.)*

TRIGAUD. *(Unable to bear the sight of this piteous object, ceases playing and turns away)* Oh, God——!

DE LUSSAC. *(In a hushed voice)* Who is it?

TRIGAUD. Bossange—my uncle!

(No longer lead by the music, the CREATURE *has stumbled in the direction of* CAGLIOSTRO; *coming close to him, suddenly looks up into his face. Pauses dead for a moment—then utters a piercing shriek and rushes, frantic with terror, back stage to the fireplace, tripping and falling headlong into it, then lying quite still.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes—it is Bossange. But why should he fear me? God knows I have suffered as great a wrong as his.

TRIGAUD. *(Goes back to the fireplace. Bends over, then stands erect)* He is dead! *(Throws his cloak over the shriveling heap, then picks up the violin and comes down stage)* And all for this——! *(He rips a panel out of the back of the violin, and draws out a long, glittering chain of enormous diamonds)* Poor devil!

DE LUSSAC. The Queen's necklace!

TRIGAUD. Now your daughter's. *(Starts to hand him the necklace.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Quickly in a harsh voice)* Not yet!

TRIGAUD. No?

CAGLIOSTRO. No! I have sworn it shall be mine, at any price.

TRIGAUD. Then try to take it and find the price you must pay.

CAGLIOSTRO. No—you will give it to me.

TRIGAUD. Indeed?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes.

TRIGAUD. And for what reason?

CAGLIOSTRO. I will show you. *(He turns and takes a few steps toward the gallery. Speaks in a low voice)* Diana! I bid you come to me! Do you hear? *Come! (He slowly raises his hand, the fingers extended. The mob is now close.)*

(After a moment DIANA *appears, moving along the gallery quickly, but as though feeling her way in her sleep. She is followed anxiously by* CHARLOTTE *and* POPO.*)*

CHARLOTTE. *(As* DIANA *comes down the steps)* Oh, Father—I could not stop her. She would come.

CAGLIOSTRO. Silence! *(To* DIANA*)* Come here. *(She moves to him)* You still sleep, do you not?

DIANA. *(In a toneless voice)* Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. My will is your will? You have no thought but what I give you? Is this not true?

DIANA. Yes.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(To* DE LUSSAC*)* Speak to her.

DE LUSSAC. Diana—Diana, my child—answer me. *(She looks at him without sign of recognition.)* Good God——!

CAGLIOSTRO. *(To* TRIGAUD*)* Well, Monsieur—will you bargain?

TRIGAUD. Yes. Tell me your price. (CAGLIOSTRO *holds out his hand for the necklace.)* Very well. But first release her.

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Placing his fingers on* DIANA'S *temples and speaking in a clear firm voice)* Your slumber is finished. Waken!

DIANA. *(Shivering)* Oh——! *(Looks around)* Father——! *(She staggers towards him. He takes her in his arms.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. And now——?

TRIGAUD. *(Looking him in the eye)* Yes—you have won—for the moment. *(He holds out the necklace to him.)*

(As CAGLIOSTRO *takes the necklace, the door* L.U. *flies open and* BOURIEN *and* BODIER *enter just in time to see what is happening.)*

BOURIEN. Ah—treachery! Bodier, quick, here is our price—bolt the door.

BODIER. *(Trying to close the door)* Nay—it is too late!

(GAVROCHE *enters at the head of his comrades. They are a villainous crew, the scum of a small village, ravaged with hunger and disease, and burning with drink. They are armed with crude*

pikes and pitchforks, or two swords and cutlasses, and two have pistols. There is a PRIEST *among them.)*

GAVROCHE. My lords—my ladies! *(He bows)* I have returned with courtiers to bow the knee and do you homage. *(Laughing uproariously)* Yes—especially the ladies—we shall pay our respects to the ladies. *(He laughs again.)*

FIRST MAN. Here—enough of jokes—you promised there would be killing.

GAVROCHE. Silence, fool, until I give the word.

SECOND MAN. And gold—you said gold, too!

GAVROCHE. They are aristocrats, their pockets are lined with gold—and you shall have it—but first we pay our debt of vengeance. *(Turning, facing Center)* Yes, my fine lords—the tide is up, and now it is *your* turn to drown. *(He takes a step towards them.)*

BODIER. *(Stopping him)* Gavroche, the priest——

GAVROCHE. Out of my way, yellow belly! I can deal with this conjurer. *(To* CAGLIOSTRO, *who stands nearest at Center)* Come, let's see your tricks—throw a spell over my brave comrades, and turn them into white mice. *(He laughs triumphantly.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Takes a handful of salt from the table and sprinkles a line across stage very quietly, but in a barbed voice)* Let any of you cross that line and see what happens. *(He steps back two paces.)*

GAVROCHE. *(Furiously)* By the blood of the saints, you shall not make a fool of me again. *(He seizes a pitchfork from one of the men and charges at* CAGLIOSTRO. *At the line he suddenly staggers back, the fork falling to the floor.)*

FIRST MAN. What is it, Citizen?

GAVROCHE. He struck me—but he did not move! *(Seizing the fork again)* Nay—it is not true! *(He*

starts forward. Halts before the line) Wait—here, comrade—your pistol! *(He pushes man with pistol forward. The man raises it.* CAGLIOSTRO *throws back his shoulders as though bracing himself. The man fires point blank at him, but he does not move. The crowd murmurs.)*

SECOND MAN. He is bewitched!

GAVROCHE. *(Quickly)* Aye, bewitched—but by the devil—we can stop that. *(Bringing the* PRIEST *forward)* Here, Father—— *(Thrusting a pistol in his hand)* Do you make the cross with one hand and shoot with the other.

(The PRIEST *does so, holding the gun awkardly at arm's length. As he fires the gun explodes, the barrel falling to the floor.)*

PRIEST. *(Shrinking back and crossing himself)* Blessed Virgin—it is the Evil One himself!

(The crowd murmurs and falls back.)

CAGLIOSTRO. *(In ringing tones)* And now, are you through, good Citizen Gavroche? For if you are, it is my turn. *(He seizes the dagger left sticking in the table from Act Two, and advances)* Upon this blade I have made the sign of Satan. Upon it I have written the names of nine fiends of hell, one for each of you—and this blade shall not rest until each name upon it has been washed away in the blood of a human heart. *(Moving slowly towards them)* Do not move—do not move—I am coming——! *(They stand as though paralyzed. He gets a step closer.)*

(There is a sudden scream from CHARLOTTE. MADAME BODIER *from* R.U., *has crept up behind her and seizing her by the hair, bent her back, and holds a jagged kitchen knife at her throat.)*

MADAME BODIER. Ah-ha—you forgot my name, didn't you?

DE LUSSAC. Count—for God's sake——! *(He touches* CAGLIOSTRO *on the shoulder. He turns his head for a second.)*

(The spell is broken, and GAVROCHE *springs on* CAGLIOSTRO *from behind, pinioning him; others seize* DE LUSSAC *and* TRIGAUD. *In a moment all of them are prisoners.)*

GAVROCHE. *(Swaggering before his captives)* Satan has deserted you, my noble lords—I do not think he will return until we have made good Citizens of you! *(He laughs hoarsely)* Yes, one at a time we shall make Citizens of you—and we shall fix it so you remain so—for always.

FRANCOIS. *(Enters down Right from tower. He is very pale and leans against the wall)* Father—the noise—what is happening——?

GAVROCHE. Ah—*another!*

FRANCOIS. *(Seeing his father)* Father—what—are you held? Ah——! *(He draws his sword and reels forward. He is quickly seized and disarmed.)*

GAVROCHE. In there with them, all of them, save this great magician. *(He waves his hand at the newly opened door in the fireplace tower. His companions hustle their prisoners in and stand guard)* He shall be the first to learn the lesson of brotherhood. *(He takes a step forward, pulling out a small hooked knife.)*

BOURIEN. Wait, Citizen—hear me! *(He seizes him by the arm and whispers)* Search him! He has a string of diamonds as big as hen's eggs—we saw the fiddler give it to him.

GAVROCHE. When?

BODIER. As we entered, even now! *(His voice trembling with excitement)* It is the treasure of the

chimney that the banshee guarded. It is worth millions in gold.

GAVROCHE. Then search him—find it.

(BOURIEN *and* BODIER *eagerly search* CAGLIOSTRO'S *garments, but find nothing.)*

BOURIEN. He has hidden it.

GAVROCHE. Then we will soon find where. *(Turning to the men)* Here—make a rack. Fetch hot irons. We shall see if this Wizard is a salamander, too. *(The men quickly turn the table on end, bracing it with pitchforks so that the four legs stick out towards the audience.* CAGLIOSTRO *is strung up by his arms, the ropes carried over the upper legs so that by pulling from either side he can be raised by his wrists and at the same time torn between the two pulls.)* Now, my lord conjurer, will you speak? *(*CAGLIOSTRO *does not answer.)* No? *(To the men on the ropes)* Pull, Citizens—let his muscles feel yours. *(They pull.* CAGLIOSTRO *is lifted nearly clear off the floor.)* No answer? Pull again. *(They swing him up several inches.)* Not yet? God's vengeance, if you do not speak I will have them tear you apart. *(Men come in from* R.U. *with a brazier and branding irons.)* Ah—these will make you speak. *(Steps up, tears open* CAGLIOSTRO'S *garment exposing his chest. Seizes an iron)* Your flesh will answer though you do not. *(Holding the iron close)* Choose! I will count thrice—then choose! *(The iron at his chest)* One——! *Two——! (From far up on the gallery out of sight behind the chimney comes the hideous wail of the violin as in the First Act.* GAVROCHE *pauses)* What is that? *(The wail sounds again, then commences the weird insane tune played before. All eyes turn to the gallery. Along the gallery, in the dark shadows back of the arches, are seen slowly moving a pair of ghastly white naked*

arms, and between them a shining white violin. The left hand fingers the strings, the right hand bows with a white bow. Nothing else is seen. The arms move through the darkness coming nearer and nearer. For the count of five there is a frozen silence—then piercing screams break from all the rabble, and they rush to the L.U. *door, fighting each other to gain the outer air. All, save* GAVROCHE*)* Wait, wait, you damned swine—it is a trick, a trick! *(Seizing the sword they have taken from* FRANCOIS, *he springs towards the steps* L.*)*

TRIGAUD. *(Enters* L. *He is unwinding a black scarf from around his head. The sleeves of his clothing have been ripped out, leaving his arms bare. They glisten white with the flour they have been rubbed in, and the violin and bow he carries are also rubbed white with flour)* Yes, a trick—and I have more of them. En garde! *(He drops the violin and springs to meet* GAVROCHE, *holding the bow like a sword. They parry—*GAVROCHE *lunges—*TRIGAUD *springs aside, then back—seizes him from behind and bends his head back with a powerful jerk and snaps his neck. The body falls to the floor with a thud, lying half concealed by the steps.* TRIGAUD *quickly frees* CAGLIOSTRO*; throws open the door of the tower;* DE LUSSAC *and* DIANA *enter.* CHARLOTTE, FRANCOIS *and* POPO *stand just inside the shadow of the door on the steps.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. Well, Monsieur—you have evened the score.

TRIGAUD. Shall we cry quits?

CAGLIOSTRO. Yes, I shall have my life and you the Queen's necklace.

TRIGAUD. Where is it?

(WARN Curtain.)

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Going to wall of tower down Right)* Another old trick! *(He lifts the necklace from a nail, where it has been hanging in full view.*

Hands it to TRIGAUD) My compliments, Monsieur —and those of Her Majesty!

TRIGAUD. *(To* DE LUSSAC) I have your permission? *(*DE LUSSAC *nods. He places necklace around* DIANA'S *neck)* And now, quickly—we must be well on our way before these jackals return! *(To* FRANCOIS) The ladies' cloaks! (FRANCOIS *runs up steps Left. To* CAGLIOSTRO) There lies your monk's gown. We may need that! Come—let us go.

(They start out L.U., DE LUSSAC *with* CHARLOTTE, TRIGAUD *with* DIANA. FRANCOIS *enters and joins them with cloaks as they reach the door.)*

CAGLIOSTRO. *(Approaching* POPO, *who stands Center)* Did you hear, sir, we must be off?

POPO. Nay—I shall stay!

CAGLIOSTRO. Stay? In the name of Heaven, why?

POPO. That is my affair!

CAGLIOSTRO. Fool, do you know that those madmen will return?

POPO. That will be unfortunate—but I shall stay!

CAGLIOSTRO. Idiot—they will tear you to pieces.

POPO. I do not care—I shall stay.

CAGLIOSTRO. They will burn you with hot irons, they will gouge out your eyes.

POPO. Most deplorable—but I shall stay.

CAGLIOSTRO. Well, I have done my best—stay.

POPO. *(Defiantly)* I intend to.

(CAGLIOSTRO *throws up his hands in despair and goes out* L.U. *The sound of galloping horses is heard.* POPO *looks around, then rushes out* R.U. *Returns, carrying the pig, with* CLOTILDE *clinging to his back. He rushes out* L.U. *as:)*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

PRODUCTION NOTES

The cup used by Cagliostro in Act I should be wired to produce a spark such as is used in an automobile sparkplug; this ignites a pinch of flash powder.

The violin apparition in Act III is done with an old violin enamelled white, with a faint green spot trained on it. Luminous paint does not work, as the stage lighting kills it.

Various types of period swords and pistols can be obtained from Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York City, who incidentally issues an enormous catalogue of weapons and uniforms which should be in every theatre costume department; it costs fifty cents and is a mine of information. Authentic flintlock pistols can be bought here for about seven dollars each. To make them sure fire the flints are removed and small blocks of lead or solder substituted in which holes have been bored. In these holes non-safety bird's-eye matches are inserted. of a length and at an angle so that (a) the match head just grazes the steel, and (b) when fired the head just reaches the pan in which the powder is. Flash powder should be used, and only a trace in the barrel. The right amount can be gotten by pouring a thimbleful into the muzzle, shaking it thoroughly, and pouring it out again. Just enough will adhere to the sides of the barrel to give a good flash without being dangerous. Since flash makes no sound, each gun has to be covered with a sure-fire modern pistol, preferably 32 calibre, which can be fired by one of the mob standing right beside the man using

the flintlock. In the Pasadena production four pistols were used with great effect.

The violin playing throughout can be faked, the player working up the chimney doing it all, using a mute for the ghost music, and playing forte when doubling for Trigaud.

Pulling Francois up the chimney can be done in various ways, depending upon equipment and counterweighting. The hands of the man doing the lifting should be made up like skeletons, and a very faint green bulb, frosted, be placed about a foot away from where the hands appear.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

2 Violins.
Liquor kegs and glasses.
Bottles.
Metal beakers.
Thunder and lightning effects.
Lamps.
Coins.
Ring of keys.
Horse effects.
Letter.
Fire irons.

ACT II

Small roll of paper.
1 Seven-branched candlesticks.
Large trencher.
Dishes.
Ruby box on neck chain.
Dagger.
Pack of cards.
Glass bowl of water.

ACT III

Slender vial.
Sledge hammer.
Necklace of large diamonds.

Pikes, pitchforks, swords, cutlasses, pistols.
Salt-cellar.
Jagged knife.
Small hooked knife.
Ropes.
Brazier and branding-irons.
Small roast pig.

"THE BLACK FLAMINGO"

PUBLICITY THROUGH YOUR LOCAL PAPERS

The press can be an immense help in giving publicity to your productions. In this belief, we submit a number of suggested press notes which may be used either as they stand or changed to suit your own ideas and submitted to the local press.

PRESS MATTER

The Bastile had fallen and the nobility were fleeing from Paris, taking their valuables with them. The thieves (there were thieves in those days) were quick to take advantage and the roads leading from Paris furnished the setting for many a robbery, with frequent murders thrown in.

Perhaps no more celebrated house for dark deeds existed than the sinister inn, "The Black Flamingo," on the road to Vienne le Chateau in northern France.

Here the noble *emigres* would halt for rest, only to awake in the morning with their treasures gone. Often they did not awake, for sometimes the genial innkeeper and his allies found it expedient to dispose of the aristocrats altogether.

This is the setting that Sam Janney selected for his thrilling drama, "The Black Flamingo," which the Players will present at the Theatre on evening.

It will be indeed a treat to spend an evening with the aristocratic De Lussacs, the colorful Trigaud, the

"The Black Flamingo" *Act III. See Page 87*

mysterious Cagliostro, and the flotsam and jetsam of the kingdom of thievery and murder who by a strange freak of history are thrown together in this weird setting.

The disappearance of the Queen's necklace has been the subject of many novels and plays from the pens of the romancists. But none of them has wrapped this historic robbery in such mystery as Sam Janney in "The Black Flamingo."

We suspect one and then the other—there seems to be overwhelming proof against each suspect, but when the revelation comes we are thrilled beyond measure and also relieved that our first suspicions were wrong.

Many blame Marie Antoinette for possessing so magnificent an ornament while the people were starving. Many admire her sense of beauty in selecting it for her adornment. But all will agree that this precious trinket had much to do with changing the history of France.

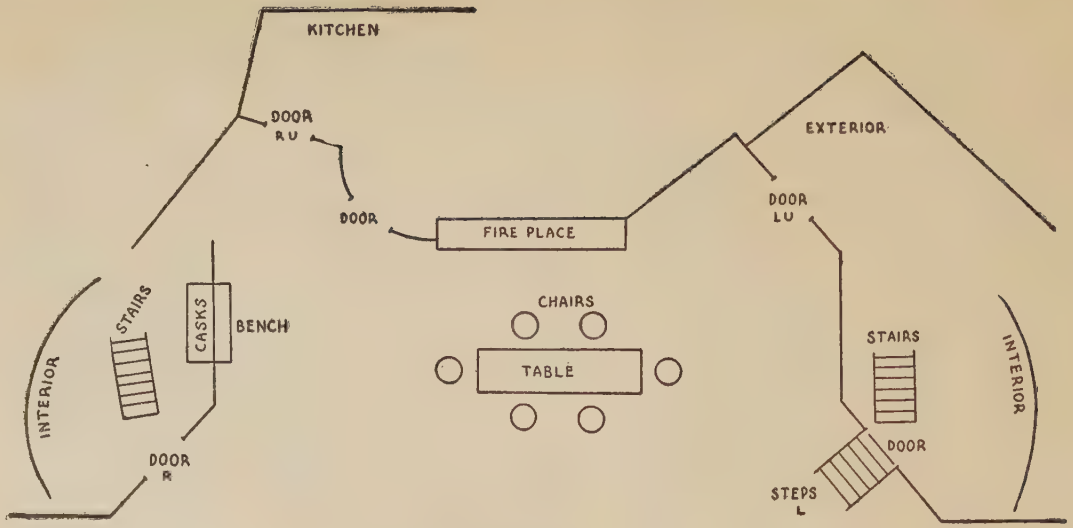
Local theatregoers are invited to join in the search for the historic necklace when the
Players present "The Black Flamingo" at the
Theatre on evening. We defy anyone to name the thief until the play is nearly over.

History presents no more strange, mysterious character than Count Cagliostro, who lived in the troublesome times of Louis and Marie Antoinette. Was he a charlatan and a rogue or was he a philosopher, mesmerist, and hero? Here is indeed a fascinating study.

He stalks through "The Black Flamingo," dominating all the other characters, both singly and in groups. He does his magic to confound his enemies. He mesmerises Diana De Lussac and finds her lost

brother. He braves the ferocity of the mob, and yet in the end we are quite undecided as to the real man.

Perhaps some of our theatregoers who attend the performance of "The Black Flamingo," at the Theatre, on evening, by the Players, will be able to penetrate the character of Cagliostro and discover his motives. Whether they arrive at a conclusion or not, those who see this play are guaranteed an evening of thrills, interspersed with hilarious comedy.



SCENE DESIGN
"THE BLACK FLAMINGO"

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

Look for Sword